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THE FAILURE OF THE JURY to convict the ex-Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, and the Alien Property Custodian, Thomas W. Miller, is not as disheartening as it appears. It was an extremely difficult case because, the statute of limitations having run, these men could not be tried on the direct charge of bribery, but only on the charge of having conspired to accept bribes. That rendered the task of the prosecuting officer extremely difficult and this particular jury could not be convinced. We sincerely hope that the District Attorney, Emory R. Buckner, will not be deterred from moving for an early retrial. If so, we trust he will this time follow the suggestions made from time to time in these columns as set forth in the article by Mr. Mels elsewhere in this issue. No stone must be left unturned to bring these men to justice, or to establish their innocence. They should be eager for a retrial. If the case is dropped now it will simply strengthen the prevailing popular belief that there is one kind of justice for men who can pay their lawyers $50,000 or $60,000 and another for the poor men who fall into the clutches of the law. It is admitted that Daugherty destroyed bank records to cover up his actions and that some of Merton's Liberty bonds passed to Mr. Miller's account. Shall people say that Republican politics prevented the bringing out of the truth and convicting these men?

ONE OF MUSSOLINI'S COLLEAGUES, after denying assorted reports that Mussolini was about to undergo an operation and to declare war on Turkey, that the chief of the Fascisti had resigned and that Italy was buying up Portuguese colonies cheap, continued

> I am just about tired of denying reports such as these. If things continue in this way I shall have to establish a special office for denying falsehoods.

His Excellency might find it cheaper to let the opposition press and the foreign correspondents function freely. As it is, with the responsible unfriendly press suppressed no one takes any denial at face value and any hostile rumor is taken seriously abroad. If Mussolini wants the friendly truth believed he must set the unfriendly truth free too. Censorship of a nation's news is an admission of weakness and an invitation to liars.

RUSSIA in these days is not so much censoring the news as trying to censor the production of news. The statement of the opposition leaders within the Communist Party, repudiating their manner of opposition, is an extraordinary document.

> We disagreed with the majority of the Central Committee [it said] on a number of principal problems. These views we still retain. But we categorically repudiate the theory and practice of the freedom of forming groups and fractions. . . . We declare that we definitely give up fractional methods of defense of our views because of the danger of such methods for the unity of the party.

Here is the doctrine of party discipline frank and unlovely. These men have fought for principles in which they still believe but, for the sake of party unity, they renounce the struggle. They would make of the party an inhuman supermachine and of its members mere mechanical units. In a time of crisis such a doctrine can be understood; in the long run it can only lead to a deadening uniformity. As a matter of fact these men deny their own interpretation of history. Their opposition is not born out of their own heads; it grew out of the changing social structure of the soviet state, and the same economic forces which have thrust them into opposition in the past (as Louis Fischer will show in an early issue of *The Nation*) will throw them or others into a new workers' opposition in the future. Economics and personality have thrown Stalin and Trotzky into conflict before, and will again. Lenin foresaw their personal incompatibility with uncanny accuracy. Max Eastman has just revealed Lenin's long-concealed "testament." Trotzky, he said, was "the most able man" in the Central Committee, but suffered by his "too far-reaching self-confidence" and absorption in administration. Stalin, he thought, suffered from "administrative impulsiveness," lacked patience, and was too much a nationalist. Stalin now holds the reins, and Trotzky's second revolt has failed in its first attack. But permanent peace cannot be built upon the cornerstone of bureaucratic autocracy.

THE WAR IS OVER in Czecho-Slovakia. Germans have been admitted to the Cabinet. Hitherto ministries have been composed as nationalist coalitions—Czech Social-

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ists, agrarians, and conservatives uniting against similar assortments of Germans and Slovaks. It was ridiculous; it was war. German schools and theaters were closed; the use of the German language was proscribed. The years have dampened resentments born of Austrian rule and minimized racial self-consciousness. The new Czech Cabinet is a bourgeois coalition; and Czech and German Socialists will fight arm in arm against it. This is common sense. Nearly a third of the young republic's population is German; under any normal regime its interests are as divided as those of the warring parties that make up Germany. If the new coalition means that the Czechs have given up their hope of turning German children into little Bohemians, they may end by finding themselves nearer their goal of national unity than they had dreamed. Czecho-Slovakia's declaration of peace has a meaning far outside its borders. The Versailles provisions for the protection of national minorities have not worked; Poland and Rumania still find dissonant groups of persecuted races at odds with the nationalist powers that be. The Czechs point the way out.

CANTON'S CONQUERING ARMIES are sweeping on in Central China, to the consternation of those treaty-port foreigners who have cheerfully minimized the nationalist movement. Their successes, indeed, have reached the danger-point. Lesser militarists are tumbling out of opposition into alliance with them. This produces immediate victories; but it dilutes the spirit which has made Canton. Have these patriotic Southerners leaders enough to train in Sun Yat-sen's principles all the brigand armies that are falling into their arms? Feng Yu-hsiang's difficulties were partly due to similar successes in the North; the Christian general found that allies who came to him in moments of triumph could not be counted upon in the hour of trial. Chiang Kai-shek, the Canton general, after leveling the ancient walls of Wuchang, opposite Hankow on the Yangtze in the heart of China, has moved down the great river and threatens Shanghai, the metropolis at its mouth. Revolts have weakened Sun Chuan-fong's rear, and the students, always fervent nationalists, are organizing in the centers of opposition to Canton. This tactic, learned from the Russians, of winning civilian support to an army, is peculiarly effective in China.

NAVY DAY is celebrated in the United States on October 27, the birthday of Theodore Roosevelt, one of the navy's staunchest friends. And while the Navy League urges an America "strong enough to gain respect for its ideals" the Reserve Officers Association of the United States pleads for action against the subversive organizations which are so unpatriotic as to be working for peace. The Association to Abolish War, the Association for Peace Education, the Intercollegiate Peace Association, the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Woman's Peace Society—these are among the fierce and predatory organizations from which the Reserve Officers are trying to protect the country. Of course they have mellifluous and soft-sounding names; but the dangerous fact is that these societies are really *opposed to war;* they want war to be abolished! Probably if these groups of wrong-headed persons had their way they would eradicate the army root and branch. "As a Reserve Officer," pleads the president of the association, "don't you believe it is *your* obligation to be informed of the forces constantly working against preparedness?" Indeed, and indeed. And in order to stop this dangerous trend in our modern society, why not follow the suggestion of Major General Mark L. Hersey? The General wants military training for girls as well as boys; not rough, manly drill, of course, but bugle bands or fife-and-drum corps. If you catch the female young enough and subject her to the advantage of military discipline almost from the cradle, will you not have fewer women's societies working for peace, that un-American goal?

THE BOTTOM HAS FALLEN out of cotton prices, due to the anticipated over-production of this year's crop. Government surveys show from two to four million more bales than world markets can absorb at prices which net the farmer a reasonable return. At the ruinous prices forecast, a slump of $500,000,000 in the purchasing power of the South is inevitable, with a resulting backwash in the automobile, radio, furniture, textile, and other manufacturing industries. In these desperate circumstances a meeting was called in Memphis of governors, heads of cooperatives, bankers, United States Senators, and business men. At the ominous hour of midnight, October 12, resolutions were passed demanding that 4,000,000 bales of this year's crop be held in storage. This was to be financed by the Federal Intermediate Land Banks, the last days of October being set aside as "acreage reduction week," in which a drive for a 25 per cent reduction in acreage next year should be made. The Government is being petitioned from all sides to aid both in financing and in acreage reduction. All of this puts the Administration in a most uncomfortable situation because of the strong line which Mr. Hoover and his friends have taken in respect to acreage reduction of rubber by the British Government. Rubber and cotton are not far from the same basic cost per pound to produce, but at the present writing the former sells for about four times as much, and the clamor of the cotton-grower for some of the same medicine is understandable. Restriction of production to meet requirements is rudimentary common sense. We hope it can displace, in cotton and many other things, the tragic chaos and waste of *laissez-faire*—provided always that ample requirements are allowed for in the budget, and that an artificial shortage is not created, raising prices against the ultimate consumer.

WHEN WHITE MEETS YELLOW on the Pacific Coast it is usually the latter who is the victim. Hence one sits up and takes notice when it appears that the tables have been turned in Oakland, California. At least we read in the newspaper of the University of California, the *Daily Californian,* of September 30 that

> Parents of the striking students of the John Swett School in Oakland were threatened with arrest yesterday by Fred M. Hunter, superintendent of schools. The charge would be the violation of the State compulsory-education law.
>
> All but thirty-seven of the white students of the school have been removed by their parents as a protest against the continued refusal of the school authorities to deny the eighteen Chinese pupils entrance to the regular classes.
>
> A committee of the mothers of the striking students, armed with affidavits that the superintendent had promised the removal of the Chinese, have canvassed the district in an attempt to have the parents of the remaining thirty-seven white children withdraw them from the school.

The school authorities are entitled to all praise for standing

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up so unflinchingly in behalf of the Chinese pupils, but are they wise in attempting to punish the outraged white parents? A little studious neglect might serve better. The parents and their children are enough punished through deprivation of school privileges. Leave them alone, and, like Little Bo Peep, they will come home, probably not wagging their tails but carrying them discreetly between their legs.

IN THE OLD DAYS the railroads openly gave rebates to politicians and pressmen and others whose favors they desired. Nowadays they do it only a little less crudely. The *Daily Worker* (Chicago) quotes from a circular sent by the secretary of the Illinois Press Association, before its annual meeting at the University of Illinois, to editors and publishers in the home State of Mr. Insull:

> Those who would like to do so can write to the railroads for transportation the same as they have done in the past. In other words, you go to the ticket agent and buy your ticket, take a receipt for the money paid for this ticket, send the receipt to the railroad company passing through your city and they will give you enough advertising to pay for the amount of the ticket. This applies to yourself, all members of your family, and any members of your newspaper staff. The number is not limited.

The *Worker* calls this "plain and open bribery of the press arranged so as to evade the laws which prohibit the issuance of passes by railroads to others than their employees." We would like to know what the Committee on Ethics of the Illinois Press Association calls it.

ALL HAIL THE MORALS of Indiana—of Jeffersonville, Indiana, to be precise. And all hail the pupils of the Jeffersonville school who are protected from subversive influences by the forthright action of their principal. The latter gentleman knows a pair of legs when he sees one; he knows that legs are improper when they are female; consequently, when a nine-year-old schoolgirl comes to school in knickers, revealing the fact that she is bifurcated above the knees, he knows that his duty bids him send her home, thus sparing the rest of the pupils the horrid sight. For three weeks Virginia Aleen's mother, who seems to have decided that there was something not quite sound in the principal's attitude, has sent Virginia, attired in knickers, to school in the morning and after lunch. And for three weeks, twice a day, the principal, strong in his righteousness, has sent her home. Right-thinking persons in this great nation who agree that a nine-year-old girl in knickers is a corrupting and dangerous spectacle will rejoice that our youth is to be kept pure in Jeffersonville at least, and that education progresses apace—but not on two legs. Never that.

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, has, or thinks it has, or thinks it might have a considerable number of Roman Catholic readers. Naturally, therefore, it takes no chances on hurting their feelings. During the World Series between the New York and St. Louis baseball teams a high panjandrum in the office of the *Public Ledger* noticed that the players of the latter city were referred to in a 48-point head as "Cardinals." Never again, said he. It might offend some pious churchman, and orders were issued throughout the office accordingly. The next day, therefore, dispatches from St. Louis were edited so as to eliminate the dread word. The city was said to be gay with "Card colors" and "Red Bird posters." The article continued: "One large poster called the Card 'Our National Bird.'" But somehow the cartoonist was forgotten. Innocently he made a drawing showing two figures, New York and St. Louis, in a race. St. Louis was distinguished by—a cardinal's hat! The cartoon got into one edition. Then a hurricane swept through the office beside which the late blow at Miami was a zephyr. The next edition contained another cartoon—by another cartoonist. It depicted a gnome sitting on the branch of a tree painting the autumn foliage. The caption was "Jack Frost." We wonder if Philadelphia's Roman Catholics are duly appreciative of the tender way in which their feelings have been coddled.

A PLOT OF GROUND five feet by ten is not much for a garden. But to the children of New York's East Side, where crowded tenements spill their contents of humans and animals and general house-furnishings all over the street, it can be a little paradise. Five feet by ten: but fifty square feet of earth uncontaminated by glass bottles and old shoes; fifty square feet of dirt—good dirt, not nasty dirt; fifty square feet of property in the confines of which the temporary owner is his own master. He may plant radishes to eke out the family larder or American Beauty roses to soothe his own soul. He puts the seed in the ground and before his eyes the miracle is enacted; the seeds sprout, the sprouts rise, the leaves open, the buds appear, the flower and fruit follow in their time. This cycle of the year, ignored as commonplace by more fortunate ones, is brought into the slums of New York under the auspices of the New York Plant, Flower, and Fruit Guild; the gardens are on Rockefeller Institute land, in Avenue A. Twelve years ago, when the plan was first tried out, eighty children responded; this year a thousand came and two hundred had to be turned away. But there are other empty lots and vacant corners in the city. Surely this is the most intelligent, the most far-sighted, and the most profitable use to which such places, ordinarily the repository for every sort of refuse, could be put.

WE HAVE WELCOMED the Crown Prince of Sweden, and Trudy, and Mother Corson, and Suzanne, and Queen Marie. Broadway has cheered, and ticker tape has feathered the air; the khaki boys have marched, the bands have played, and Mayor Walker has welcomed the national guests with appropriate—brief—speeches. If only the Mayor could solve the subway problem as well as he solves the problem of welcoming speeches! An historian might interpret American popular psychology by studying the Sunday-supplement photographs of these crowds. As a matter of fact, Queen Marie, despite the enormous blare of newspaper publicity that foreshadowed her coming, did not get a tithe of the welcome that greeted Trudy, and not as much as did Suzanne. We have a fondness for tinsel crowns in these days, but we love the laurel wreaths of athletic championship still more. There was a time when America would have hissed a king or queen; that, doubtless, was silly, but linked with it was a passion for the men who fought tyranny in Europe which we might regain. We named streets after Kosciuszko; we sent a ship down the harbor to greet Kossuth; but in 1924 we refused to let Karolyi speak, and in 1926 we do not even know that behind Marie's fifty Paris dresses are the groans of thousands of political prisoners clapped into jail without trial, and the cruelty of Europe's rottenest "aristocracy."

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Tweedledum and Tweedledee

THE indications are that the Coolidge Republicans will lose control of the Senate and probably of the House. We are strengthened in this belief by the tips being sent out from Washington from news sources favorable to Mr. Coolidge that, if the election goes against him, he will interpret it as having no possible meaning in regard to national policies. The various elections, it is being explained on behalf of the President, have degenerated into purely local contests and, therefore, have no bearing whatever upon any national issue. Nevertheless, knowing the ways of politicians, we are perfectly certain that if the election should result as Mr. Coolidge wishes it to, the heavens would ring with Republican assertions that the people have overwhelmingly sustained the President, his every wish, his every utterance, his every act, his every policy. That it is necessary now to discount defeat through the avenues of Coolidge publicity is proof that the White House expects the worst.

Yet we, too, believe that the election, however it goes, cannot be interpreted as a mandate on any single issue, any more than could most of the recent primaries. This is not so much because the elections have degenerated into local contests as because the opposition stands for nothing, offers nothing, and affords no hope of any constructive reforms. We do not doubt that those are correct who, like Mark Sullivan, declare that the Democrats do not wish to control Congress. If they did they would be called upon to think, to act, to be consistent, and to plan; and Heaven knows they are totally incapable of these things. Never did Congressional leadership so collapse as did that of the Democrats during the last session of Congress. The session seemed to begin brilliantly for the opposition. There were any number of openings in the armor of the Administration. The farm issue was at hand as if made to order, particularly in its relationship to the tariff. Nothing happened. What leadership there was passed to, or rather remained with, the insurgent Republicans. A couple of skilful, vigorous debaters on the Democratic side, such as are to be found by the dozen in the British Parliament, could have made the Administration as sick and sorry-looking as it deserved to be, providing, of course, that they were backed up by their party. But their party was without harmony as it is without guidance or principle. It not only upheld Mellon, it sought to outdo him in tax benefits to the rich. It had no policy of its own in regard to the war debts—or anything else. It is so shot to pieces on the question of the tariff that it is impossible to conceive of its drafting an honest or radical tariff-reform bill if it should control Congress. Why should there be a rush to vote for it?

It is fortunate, therefore, that there are at least local issues in some States; that here and there a colorful personality like that of "Al" Smith should stir public interest, and that in three States, at least, Indiana, Illinois, and Pennsylvania, questions of civic righteousness should be presented to the electorate. So confused is the situation as to the Wets and Drys that there will be no possibility of either side's claiming a decisive victory. In some cases, too, the choice between the candidates is so poor that one should not be surprised if the vote should prove to be the smallest in years. Why, for instance, should anyone care whether Senator Willis, or his opponent, ex-Senator Atlee W. Pomerene, is chosen to represent Ohio? Both are windbags of incredible dulness. In New York, on the other hand, the contest is between Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., and Justice Robert F. Wagner, a Tammany man of German ancestry, of the same type as "Al" Smith. Senator Wadsworth is a militarist to the backbone, an imperialist, a devout upholder of the present order. He carries on the narrowest Republican traditions, but we must add that he does it with a boldness and directness most unusual in politicians, and we cannot withhold from him our praise for his courage in taking an unequivocal stand on the liquor issue. When it comes to the details of legislation he is useful in the Senate, yet his defeat is, we believe, most desirable.

In Illinois, in Indiana, in Pennsylvania the issue is one of corruption in political life. Since the prospects are for the election both of Congressman Vare in Pennsylvania and of Colonel Frank G. Smith in Illinois, it is at least satisfactory to note that there is small chance of their being allowed to take their seats. The voting in those States and in Indiana where the Republican Party has been a mere tool of the Ku Klux Klan will be significant only as it indicates whether or not the American electorate is beginning to turn against the wholesale corruption in our public life.

In Colorado there is a most interesting contest for the Senatorship between ex-Governor Sweet, a good liberal, and Charles W. Waterman, with the chances favoring Mr. Sweet. In Oregon there is a three-cornered fight, variously depicted as turning upon the Administration of President Coolidge and as not having anything to do with it. Senator Stanfield's independent candidacy in defiance of his party leaders makes the Democrats hopeful that they may obtain a seat in that State. In Maryland Representative Tydings is certain to defeat his Republican opponent, Senator Weller. In far-away Arizona and Nevada the sitting members, Senators Cameron and Oddie, are opposed by able and vigorous Democrats whose election is much to be desired. As for Massachusetts, every possible effort is being made to reelect Senator Butler, whose candidacy is treated at length elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*. However one may rate the statesmanship of David I. Walsh, no one who believes in the old-fashioned principles of liberty and free speech in America can vote for Senator Butler, who has demanded that there shall not only be no criticism of a President in war time, but that no unfavorable comment shall be permitted in time of peace.

For the present the hope of political progress in America continues to lie in the independent Senators of Republican faith, headed by the veteran George W. Norris of Nebraska, who has again shown his high-minded patriotism by campaigning in Pennsylvania against Congressman Vare, the candidate of his own party. It is heartening, indeed, that this group will be reinforced by Governor Blaine of Wisconsin, by the reelection of ex-Senator Brookhart in Iowa, and of Senator Nye in North Dakota. If in their hands should lie the balance of power in the Senate the country might rejoice. Meanwhile, this election merely emphasizes anew the need for an honest and able third party, for lack of which our whole political life languishes.

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Cleaning Up the Slums

HENRY FORD set sail with the magnificent assurance to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas. Now comes Mr. August Heckscher sailing back to get the men and women out of the slums of New York by Easter—or thereabouts. The impulse in each case was, and is as decent and generous as the practical realization is dubious. But perhaps Mr. Heckscher has a better fighting chance. His proposal certainly deserves more than the shrug of the shoulders which the embattled realtors will give it.

August Heckscher, as all the world knows, is one of those super-philanthropists indigenous to the American scene. His $4,000,000 Children's Foundation, his parks and his playgrounds, have given him no little front-page space, and have done no little good. When he proposed a $40,000,000 farm for educating slum children, New York City officials said that the money could be spent to better effect in the slums themselves. Whereupon, as a "special emissary" of Mayor Walker, Mr. Heckscher went abroad and proceeded to make a study of slum-reclamation projects in Europe—particularly in London, Berlin, and Hamburg. He found Berlin, for all the financial pressure she was under, putting $40,000,000 into housing for the poor last year, while London appropriated $34,000,000 for the same purpose. Both were municipal, not private-charity, enterprises. Meanwhile, he points out, tenements in New York which were condemned in 1885 as unfit for human habitation are still good rent-producers, with forty years' depreciation added to their unspeakable wretchedness. He finds that 70 per cent of New York families have incomes of less than $2,500 per year, thus utterly barring them from adequate housing facilities.

In this impasse he proposes—take a deep breath—that "500 wealthy and public-spirited citizens each promise a contribution of $100,000 annually for five years." The State and city of New York shall jointly contribute a like sum over the same period. This will provide $500,000,000 "to get away to a real start on New York's most pressing and immediate problem." The total cost of eliminating the city's slums he places at $1,500,000,000. "The job could be completed in from ten to fifteen years."

He plans five-story "walk-ups," with perhaps some ten-story model tenements equipped with fool-proof automatic elevators. He plans buildings more attractive than the English type, with shade trees, playgrounds, and plenty of air-space between. For himself, Mr. Heckscher is said to have promised many millions of his personal fortune.

Now, this is an honest and altogether generous proposal. The difficulties are practical ones, and reflect no discredit on Mr. Heckscher's praiseworthy revolt from an intolerable and degrading situation. He speaks the utter truth when he says: "New York's slums are a disgrace to the city and the nation. So are those of other great American cities." Better a thousand times that his plan be carried out, whatever its shortcomings, than that nothing should be done at all.

The first difficulty is to find 500 millionaires with even a tithe of Mr. Heckscher's sense of social obligation. Granting that they can be found, the next difficulty is to yoke them in double harness with the city and State governments. Governor Smith last spring proposed a housing law in which public authority should take the lead, with no philanthropy in the enterprise at all. The bill received very wide and very favorable attention, including that of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The Republicans blocked certain cardinal provisions as a matter of practical politics, but who doubts that Governor Smith will return to the engagement? To this proposal Mr. Heckscher pays not the slightest attention, if indeed he has heard of it at all. Granted that the two plans have equal chances of ultimate realization, there is no question that a straightforward job on the part of the State is infinitely to be preferred to a quasi-charitable enterprise in which control falls between three stools. If undertaken by public legislation, furthermore, all housing improvement would fall under some rough conception of regional planning; care would be taken, with the power to enforce it, that the elimination of slums in Manhattan should not mean their prompt development in Brooklyn and the Bronx. Under the Heckscher plan this might readily prove to be the case.

The task is too great, and the ramifications too widespread, to be solved successfully by private charity—even in nine figures. The Smith program is indeed the reverse of the shield of private charity. That the man on horseback should fling a saddlebag of gold to the crowd still remains something less than justice. Free citizens should build their own houses, and should finance them by such levies as will tend to keep land speculators and bankers permanently off their horses. Until this day of reckoning comes, we must perforce welcome all honest slumming-parties.

Investors, Beware!

THE Supreme Court has just rendered a decision which marks an epoch in American history. It has confirmed the confiscation by the Alien Property Custodian of some 4,500 patents, worth perhaps half a billion dollars, for which the nominal sum of $50 each was deposited in the Treasury. The Supreme Court admits that this is confiscation, but states that the confiscation of private enemy property is not unconstitutional, that the procedure did not violate the criminal law or commit fraud, and that the confirmation of the deal by President Wilson placed the sanction of validity upon it. The Supreme Court did not say, as indeed it could not say, that the transaction was not grossly violative of international law.

The patents thus acquired were distributed by the Chemical Foundation to the owners of the chemical industry of the United States, who were thus more than repaid for the propaganda money they had spent to mesmerize the public conscience. This propaganda has continued throughout the years since 1919. The confiscation was perpetrated not for the benefit of the United States but for the benefit of private monopolists. Justice Stone, as Attorney General, in seeking to set aside as illegal so outrageous a piece of confiscation, remarked "It will be a dark day for this republic when public officials, charged with public duties and responsibilities, can do the acts disclosed by this record without any consequences to them and to those who claim under them."

For the first time in American history the Supreme Court has upheld the confiscation of private property—as it assumes, in time of war. For one hundred and fifty years the United States has upheld the immunity from confiscation of private property in time of war. It must be said

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that Congress in 1917 and 1918 did not dream of departing from this tradition. But, persuaded and deceived by A. Mitchell Palmer, that arch-enemy of Bolshevism, and supported by Senator Underwood, it passed an amendment in 1918 (on the allegation that Palmer should not be making profits for absent owners), conferring on the Alien Property Custodian the power of sale, "in like manner as though he were the absolute owner." This was loose language, and Messrs. Palmer and Garvan took advantage of it to perpetrate a raid on the private property intrusted to them as trustees. International law was smashed. The consequences will be borne by the owners of private property, both foreigners in the United States and Americans abroad, for generations to come. When they are robbed of their property in future wars, they may thank Messrs. Palmer and Garvan, who established the precedent which will be applied. Nor will it be necessary to wait for the outbreak of war. Mere political differences may lead to reprisals between nations and to the confiscation of private property without war. This patent confiscation took place several months after the armistice. It was done, therefore, purely in the interests of spoliation and greed, not for the purpose of winning the war. It is but a short step from the post-armistice confiscation of German and Austrian patents to the confiscation of patents of all other aliens, and from the confiscation of foreign private property to the confiscation of domestic private property.

The transaction is but another sign of the disintegration of the foundations of capitalistic society. Those who have participated in the deal do not realize that they have created a precedent which undermines the security of all private property in the United States and of every American investment abroad. That legal safeguard against confiscation which such investors had is now taken from them, and they are exposed to the whims and accidents of international politics in a way never heretofore contemplated. Americans now have 11 billions invested abroad, increasing at the rate of perhaps a billion a year. Foreign governments confiscating any part of this property need only refer a protesting United States government to the decision of our Supreme Court in the Chemical Foundation case. We have made Russia and Mexico look like amateurs in the arts of confiscation.

Peace in the Encyclopaedia

OLD-TIME readers of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" (we suspect there are many such) have long regarded any one of the twenty-nine volumes of the Eleventh Edition as both the ideal hammock-book and far more satisfactory for the passing of a winter evening by the fire than any of the detective stories or romances commonly recommended for such purposes. They will greet with glad accord the three new volumes which have just been issued and which seem to mark a return to the great traditions of the work.

It is now sixteen years since the Encyclopaedia was completely revised and reprinted. During that time the proprietors have issued two sets of volumes before the present ones; and neither was satisfactory. "These Eventful Years" was hardly more than a collection of competent magazine articles, and the volumes which constituted the so-called Twelfth Edition, prepared amid the hazes of wartime myopias, were not up to the standard of those which they were intended to supplement. Americanized advertising methods and an appeal to a wider audience than the old Encyclopaedia had ever contemplated also exerted an unfortunate influence. The planning was done from a slightly journalistic angle; in the allotment of space there were obvious concessions to popular interest in matters of no more than temporary importance; in general the Britannica seemed to be abandoning its position of undisputable supremacy as a summary of the world's knowledge from the scholar's viewpoint in order to compete in the already overcrowded field of merely popular education.

Fortunately no such criticism can be successfully urged against the new volumes. One might, to be sure, pick some quarrels—though far fewer than formerly—with the proportionate space allotted to certain topics. Thus it is obviously absurd, *sub specie aeternitatis*, to allot four pages to recent developments in biochemistry and more than ten pages to the battle of Jutland; war-shadows still cloud many pages; but the work as a whole, judged by first tastes and tests, seems to be once more worthy of its great predecessors. The scholar in search of either a specific fact or that sense of refreshment which comes from the contemplation of any subject treated with competent knowledge and detachment may turn to it feeling reasonably sure that in its pages he may, for the time being at least, leave the idols of the market-place far away. Occasionally, to be sure, he will be disappointed. Only a blind partisanship, completely out of place in a work of reference, could have led J. C. Squire to leave James Joyce unmentioned in his article on recent English fiction or caused another curiously selected editor of the *London Mercury*, the author of the notice of Bertrand Russell, to devote the major part of the small space allowed him to a sneering attack upon Mr. Russell's intellectual integrity. Such lapses are rare and the majority of the articles are marvels of clarity, condensation, and objective presentation.

The very titles of these articles reveal succinctly the direction of contemporary discovery, taste, and achievement. In the Thirteenth Edition, Freud was unmentioned, the Quantum Theory unheard of; today the latter gets three pages and the psychological system of the former two. Even in smaller things changes are recorded with minutest exactitude. Thus even in the last former supplementary volumes Theodore Dreiser was accorded only one line at the end of a paragraph which spoke in high praise of the novels of William Sydnor Harrison; in the present he has an article to himself, and that fact alone is more significant than anything which a critic or scholar can say of the novelist's reputation. The Britannica is a sort of Hall of Fame for men, for ideas, and for sciences. To win in it a niche is to have achieved a distinction as significant as any which either the degrees of a college or the acclaim of the populace can give. Whatever is there has had a certain significance in the world; whatever is not there lacks that special meaning.

Curiously enough, the gigantic work begins by making itself ridiculous. This majestic panorama of the world's knowledge, this grand survey of the terrestrial globe from the Aaland Islands to the Zuyder Zee, this great cooperative effort of the patience and learning of our civilization is dedicated, humbly and "by permission," to a pair of amiable gentlemen neither majestic nor learned—George of England and Calvin of America. Not since the present Prince of Wales assumed his presidency of the Royal Society has any such cosmic joke been solemnly perpetrated.

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America, Overlord of Europe

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Paris, October 3

THE mess into which the United States has got as a result of throwing over its wisest national policy in 1917 and entering the World War grows worse and not better. The dislike, yes, hatred, of Americans increases,* and not merely because of the debt problems. Even among Europeans who believe in the League of Nations and its future there are many who bitterly resent what they term America's forcing the League upon them and then withdrawing from it. That the League in their opinion is a great instrument for good does not prevent their sense of indignation as to the way in which it was given to them by Woodrow Wilson's insistence and because of the subsequent refusal of America to share in its benefits. But that is perhaps the least of their grievances, for, paradoxically enough, the longer the United States officially refuses to join the League the more is it forced by economic causes into playing a leading role in European life, which must inevitably lead to further entanglements and further friction.

Thus our financiers have become the arbiters of the financial fortunes of half of Europe, and since our Government practically compels our bankers (though disclaiming the actual use of its power) to obtain its sanction for any foreign loans, Washington is really in the position of saying when or whether help shall be extended to Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, and other countries. Even when permission is given by Washington, our Wall Street leaders arouse bitter antagonisms, as in Belgium, by insisting on the balancing of the budget and even, perhaps, indicating where the cuts should be made. That they are within their rights in so doing and are merely applying sound financial principles in the making of loans does not decrease the anger of the Belgians that the fortunes of war have made America the only market for surplus money and the only place in which they can obtain adequate aid. They resent foreigners becoming the financial dictators of their country, and for those foreigners, namely, ourselves, the position into which they are thus forced becomes one of increasing difficulty. The result is that Europe is slowly but surely being driven into an anti-American union which may yet have grave consequences if we continue trying to compel foreign nations to pay us their war debts and insisting that we will not reduce the tariff walls which prevent out debtors from paying us in goods—their only means of payment.

Now, by another turn of the wheel of fate, the United States is being placed in the position of becoming the arbiter of perhaps the most important proposal for the peace of Europe ever made—the proposed Franco-German alliance, discussed at Thoiry by Messrs. Briand and Stresemann. It is an open journalistic secret that these two gentlemen had no difficulty whatever in stating their respective points of view and reaching a general agreement. The difficulty was that when they came to discuss ways of accomplishing their program they invariably came up against the United States, usually in the form of the American Commissioner General of Reparations, Parker Gilbert. France needs money; Germany is willing to pay. But the German railroad bonds cannot be mobilized and sold without Mr. Gilbert's consent. More than that, they cannot be offered for sale in America, even if Mr. Gilbert should consent, unless our Government approves. Mr. Coolidge has already, in his official role of spokesman for himself—that is, in his Mr. Hyde role—declared that while, of course, the Government would not think, oh, dear no, of compelling the American bankers to its point of view, it would still look with disfavor upon the floating of the German railroad securities in America until the French Government has ratified the Franco-American debt agreement.

This is nothing else than a deliberate effort to make use of France's plight to blackjack her into approval of the debt agreement. "You can't have this unexpected relief from Germany," says Mr. Coolidge, "unless you satisfy us first." Now, this may or may not be good tactics in obtaining what the American Government wishes, but one thing is certain: it is bound enormously to increase the dislike of America and its government in France, if not in Germany. Moreover, it has put the United States into the position, for the moment, of blocking steps toward the stabilization of French finance and also of holding up what is, as already said, the most important move for real Franco-German peace in the memory of man. Nor does it minimize the situation to say that by hurrying the debt ratification the French can clear the way for their bargain with Germany, or that it will be only a couple of months at most before the agreement will be ratified. A delay of even a week is a bad thing, for the psychology of Thoiry may vanish. It is, moreover, quite serious to allow the United States, at the very moment when it asserts its desire to keep out of all European politics, to be put into the position of passing upon what in the first instance is a strictly Franco-German matter. On the other hand, there is the danger that the sale of these bonds in the United States will transfer from France to America the onus of making Germany pay.

What makes our position seem more hypocritical to Europeans is the fact that Mr. Coolidge has repeatedly stated that if Europe showed the will to peace the United States would help in every possible way. Thus, speaking at Cambridge on July 3, 1925, he said:

> If there be differences which cannot be adjusted at the moment, if there be conditions which cannot be foreseen, let them be resolved in the future by methods of arbitration and by the forms of judicial determination. While our own country should refrain from making political commitments where it does not have political interests, such covenants would always have the moral support of our Government and could not fail to have the commendation of the public opinion of the world. Such a course would be sure to endow the participating nations with abundant material and spiritual reward. On what other basis can there be any encouragement for a disposition to attempt to finance a revival of Europe? The world has tried war with force and has utterly failed. The only hope of success lies in peace with justice.

Yet when a marvelous opportunity for this very thing

* See Mr. Villard's America's Crop of Hate in *The Nation* for August 11, 1926.

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offers, he says: Just wait until I take advantage of your fix to grind a pet ax of my own before I help. Dr. Stresemann has already appealed to Mr. Coolidge. Speaking at Cologne on October 2 (since Thoiry) he declared that the words quoted above from Mr. Coolidge's speech of July 3, 1925, were, in his opinion, as applicable to the Thoiry program as to the Locarno treaties or the Dawes plan. No, replies Mr. Coolidge, France must sign on the dotted line first.

So we get in deeper and deeper, always offending, usually blundering, leaving Europe more mystified and more vexed and finding ourselves more and more in the position of autocrat of the financial world. A sensible government would set to work at once to obtain a conference of all the nations involved. Here it is only fair to say that Mr. Coolidge faces an almost united sentiment in Congress, irrespective of party, in favor of exacting the last penny from our former Allies. Rarely in the last thirty years, during which I have been observing our politics, has Congress been as united on any issue. To ascertain what the reason for it is would repay the most careful inquiry. Are the members reflecting home sentiment? If so, what makes their constituents so insistent? Is it due to the fact that they realize that we failed to win a single one of our objectives in the war, and that since the 77,000 dead cannot be recalled to life, they have a determination at least to get back the only remaining thing—the money?

Well, of course, under the settlements as they stand America is not getting the whole of the money—nothing like it. And whether it takes two years or ten years Congress and the country will have to be made to see that they can never recover the total; that the idea that nations will continue to pay us for sixty-two years for a war which ended in 1918 is utterly preposterous. No man or woman of real common sense and fair knowledge can believe anything of the kind. As to that, sentiment among Americans abroad and Europeans of influence is united. If Mr. Mellon did not learn that on his trip to Europe then he is hopelessly dull. He was told it by every banker and public man he met. Thomas W. Lamont sees it and so, it is safe to say, do most of his colleagues in the big-business world. It is idle to point out that these bankers get their 7 and 8 per cent on the European loans they are now making, and to say that if they get such good terms the American Government could have obtained better rates in the settlements. It could have had it insisted upon them. But whether the Allied nations should have given us better terms or not, the fact remains that we shall never see any considerable amount of the principal. Let us face that fact, however disagreeable it may be!

Meanwhile the thing remains a constant irritant, and constant irritants grow increasingly serious. I do not mean to say that if we were to cancel our debts tomorrow we should immediately have the love and gratitude of all our European debtors. Far from it. From France I should expect no gratitude whatever. People who owe you money, whether individuals or nations, are the same. Nothing ruins friendships so quickly and thoroughly, and if you write the debt off as a bad one, because your friend cannot pay, he has an unhappy feeling that he has not done the right thing; or that anyway you owed it to him to help him out. That this sort of thing would result from our intervention into the war ought to have been foreseen because there are precedents in plenty. I am told that John Morley said that the day America entered the war was the saddest of his life. I don't know if this is so, but it may well have been. Not, of course, that he wanted the Germans to win but that, great statesman that he was, he foresaw some of the inevitable consequences of America's crossing the ocean. There are written words of his which express his reprobation of the Treaty of Versailles and the way the Allied leaders were swept into situations they never dreamed of when they entered the war. No one can yet surely tell where we shall all land if this debt situation continues; how deep the bitternesses will go, how lasting and harmful the animosities. It is at present a mess, utter and complete, and no exit from it can please all or satisfy abstract justice.

The money is not worth it if it could be got. Nor would a thousand times as much gold compensate us for the hate being engendered, for it may take generations and generations to overcome what is already there. The cancer will grow. It is not benign. Even in England our best friends feel increasingly hurt that we ask so much more of them than of the other Allies. They are too good sports, most of them, to say so, but the hurt is there. Capacity to pay! They laugh at it. How can capacity to pay be fixed in 1926 to measure capacity to pay in 1936, or 1946, or 1956, or 1966? No, no! Those Americans who want to safeguard what remains of good-will toward us in a war-wracked and war-cursed world must gird up their loins and go to work. No matter where abstract justice or technical rights may be, the debts have got to go. They will in time by the acts of others, if we do not move. But when we move, let us demand and get in return such things as disarmament, the abolition of poison gas, the submarine, the war airplane, and other things we have a right to ask, since in these inventions of the devil lie not only the seeds of other wars but the genuine possibility of the complete destruction of our modern civilization.

The Saints on Stained Glass

By HELENE MULLINS

The saints on stained glass windows have an air
Of charming affectation, for they seem
To have endured strange sorrows in a dream,
To have in dreams had lovely griefs to bear.

Perpetually faithful and sincere,
They cultivate no wit nor subtlety
To cloud themselves in any mystery,
They are as passionless as they appear.

Each with a halo and a wistful face,
They bow before a cross or lift their eyes
Above an empty cross to empty skies,
And all their attitudes are full of grace.

The saints on stained glass windows are like old
And vivid legends; time is powerless
To leave on them one mark of its caress,
To disarrange their garments by one fold.

Each with a pride as if about to pass
Into some other world, each with amazing
Credulity, perpetually gazing
On some bright vision just beyond the glass.

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Daugherty at the Bar

By EDGAR MELS

THE aroma of politics hung heavily over the trial of Harry M. Daugherty and Thomas W. Miller for conspiracy in connection with the return of $7,000,000 in stock of the American Metals Company to the German owners, the Mertons.

The ghost of a former President, Warren Gamaliel Harding, stalked into the juryroom and listened to the deliberations of twelve more or less good men and true. The awe of a name, the fear of hurting a political party, the "what-of-it" feeling which has followed every exposé of the Ohio Gang—all these combined are responsible for the disagreement of the jury after sixty-six hours of wrangling, debating, and—sleeping at the Hotel McAlpin at government expense!

The trial was a record breaker in many ways—some not pleasant to contemplate. Presided over by a learned judge, prosecuted by Emory R. Buckner and six young men who had reputations to make, defended by a brilliant criminal lawyer and a learned but cautious barrister, the trial was one of the most expensive recorded in the southern district of New York. It cost the Government a full $100,000. It cost Daugherty $50,000, at least. It cost Colonel Miller more than $50,000.

Buckner had labored long, perhaps even lovingly, over the evidence. He had gathered it from the four quarters of the world: from Germany, from Switzerland, from Ohio and Boston and Washington and New York. It was documentary evidence, verbal evidence, but mainly circumstantial evidence. And circumstantial evidence is apparently hard to grasp and harder to digest so far as juries are concerned. So far as the direct evidence was concerned, it resolved itself into assertions that Colonel Miller had done this and had not done that; that Daugherty was an utter ignoramus; that Senator Goff was the villain in the play; and that John T. King was a shrewd yet generous person of the Republican persuasion.

The Government showed clearly that King had asked a percentage for getting the claim through the Alien Custodian's office. In this he was within the law. He had asked Jesse Smith to use his influence with Daugherty. Certain moneys were paid; certain Liberty bonds were turned over to King, some to turn up at Daugherty's bank in Washington Courthouse, others in brokerage accounts of Miller. It came out that Daugherty had destroyed certain ledger-sheets and other documentary evidence.

The most damaging evidence was that which traced some of the Liberty bonds to Miller. Apparently this made the case for the Government a certainty. That it did not is a wonder, for here was about the only direct and uncontroverted evidence of the whole trial. It is at this juncture that subconscious politics and the memory of Harding appeared on the scene—to remain to the very end of the trial.

It is known that two of the jurors refused to vote for the conviction of Miller on the ground that they knew or surmised they knew that the bonds in question had been used to pay a Republican campaign deficit and that Miller came by them honestly. The same held true of Daugherty's destruction of the ledger-sheets of his bank. Here again the G. O. P. legend came into being. Mal Daugherty admitted, almost *sotto voce*, that the bonds his brother obtained were given for a political purpose. So the jury decided that a dead President's good name was at stake, and they gave the defendant the benefit of the doubt.

The preparation of the case for the Government has been called brilliant. The presentation was not—very. Why did Buckner not follow up the trail opened by Mal Daugherty? Why did he not ask a few leading questions about Harry Daugherty's amazing written statement, when he at first refused to appear before a grand jury—that by speaking he might have to drag in the name of Harding, whose lawyer, he, Daugherty, had been? Why did not Buckner ask from whom Miller received the bonds, and why?

Was Buckner afraid? Did he fear that perchance the Administration which named him Federal District Attorney might be smirched? Had he asked a few leading questions he would have opened up a flood-gate, the public would have had a real sensation.

The Nation, in a series of two articles on the Alien Custodian scandal, on April 14 and 21, and again on May 19 in an article on Daugherty, pointed the way to Buckner. *The Nation* stated among other things that Colonel Miller had obtained the incriminating Liberty bonds from Vincent A. Carroll, city prosecutor of Philadelphia. Carroll sat in the courtroom for two days. Buckner could have placed him on the witness stand. He could have asked Carroll from whom he received the bonds he afterward delivered to Miller.

Why did Buckner not follow such a course? He might have brought to light the story told in *The Nation* last April—that Ned Thurston, of the Republican State Committee of Massachusetts, a friend of King, had left the bonds in Carroll's office for Miller. Buckner might have ascertained that the bonds were given to pay a deficit in the Senatorial campaign of T. Coleman du Pont. Why did not Buckner summon J. J. Roskob, head of the General Motors, a Du Pont concern? Buckner might then have corroborated the Carroll-Miller story. Was the name Du Pont the stumbling-block?

Now as to Daugherty. Did Daugherty destroy the ledger-sheets to save himself? Did he destroy them to save Harding's good name? Or did he invent the Harding legend as a camouflage—as a master-stroke of cleverness—to explain the otherwise unexplainable?

I have Daugherty's own word for it that Jesse Smith, his "collector," to quote the former Attorney General, defaulted in $300,000 he had gathered for Daugherty. Mal Daugherty confirmed this indirectly when he stated on the witness stand that he and his brother had tried for some time to get Smith to give an accounting of moneys due them. What moneys? Smith had no income outside that which he gathered in devious ways in Washington. Smith got bonds from King—that was proved in court. He delivered them at the Washington Courthouse bank. That was proved.

But why should he have turned them over to Daugherty's bank when he could have sold them elsewhere?

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Was Smith's "special account," which was destroyed with the ledger-sheets, a blind? And if so, for whom or what? That Mr. Harding had any connection with this account in any form, I will not believe.

The alternative is that the account was used to pay off the one-million-dollar deficit of the Harding-Coolidge campaign of 1920. A Republican Senator of the highest reputation for honesty, who stands high in the counsels of his party, told me last spring that the graft of the Ohio Gang paid this deficit. Did Buckner know this? If he did, why did he not call Will Hays, who at the time of the campaign was Republican National Chairman? If he did not, why did he not follow the lead opened by Mal Daugherty's testimony?

The greatest disappointment from a governmental viewpoint was Richard Merton, its principal witness. Buckner undoubtedly expected him to tell much that Merton did not, or would not, relate. Merton was a badly scared witness, despite his mental brilliancy. There were many reasons for this. Perhaps he feared Steuer's cross-examination would bring into the limelight that he was not Merton at all but Richard Moses, son of an orthodox Jew who left his millions to his children with the strict provision that they could have the money only if they remained orthodox. As the children had social aspirations, they transferred the millions to incorporated business organizations, thus voiding the provision of their father's will, and then changed their name. A London Jewish paper summed up the situation thus:

> You may change your name to Merton from Moses,
> But heaven knows, you can't change your noses.

At any rate, Merton undoubtedly was a happy man when he was permitted to sail. That he will return in case there is a retrial can be answered in the negative. The world does not like a squealer—and Merton squealed.

Should there be a retrial there may be a new development. Miller was desperately anxious to take the stand. He wanted to tell where and why he got the bonds, but his counsel would not let him. If he is placed in jeopardy again he will probably take the witness stand. Then watch the political fur fly.

Silent Cal's Silent Partner

By A BOSTON JOURNALIST

SENATOR WILLIAM M. BUTLER of Massachusetts, Silent Cal's silent partner, is petitioning the people of his State to renew his lease on the Senate seat which was vacated two years ago by Lodge's death and given to Butler by a follower who then occupied the Governor's chair.

Butler has none of the sporting blood in his veins that frequently rushes to the heads of his distinguished namesakes, Smedley D. and Nicholas Murray. Fertility of intellect, glibness of tongue, and an ingratiating manner are a few of the qualities which this successful lobbyist and mill master lacks, but as the cause is a noble one, to spare President Coolidge the humiliation of being repudiated in his home State and to perpetuate the grip now held by the New England textile interests on the United States government, Butler is carrying his yoke manfully and piously.

Hitherto, Senator Butler's political career has been under cover. A lobbyist by instinct and training, Butler is in his own element when he is pussyfooting among ambitious legislators, in pursuit of privately negotiated favors for public-service corporations and the textile interests. In emerging into the murky daylight of American politics, Butler probably reasons that if Calvin Coolidge can run the gantlet of public scrutiny, anybody can.

In this, Butler's first trial as a campaigner, the opposition is annoying. David I. Walsh, Democrat, is an earnest and vivid spellbinder who expounds the benign principles of Thomas Jefferson with rather blunt and disconcerting references to page and paragraph in the record of the corporation-controlled Administration at Washington. Walsh has a phenomenal record as a vote-getter. Thousands of Republicans indorse him whenever he enters the field. In 1918, in the contest for the United States Senate, he defeated the late John W. Weeks. Walsh made his most amazing run two years ago, though he was beaten for the Senate by the venerable Frederick H. Gillett.

Butler had then been threatening to oppose Walsh. But Harding died and Calvin Coolidge, who like Butler received his political training and advancement under the political banner of the late Senator W. Murray Crane, millionaire manufacturer and political boss, was elevated to the Presidency. Butler was immediately called to Washington to steady the strong Presidential right arm. Subsequently, Butler proved his political ineptness as director of the Cleveland convention which nominated Coolidge, and as a reward for his clumsiness was made chairman of the Republican National Committee. He had to postpone his Senatorial career, and in 1924 the President drafted Gillett, then Speaker of the national House, for the Massachusetts fight.

How dangerous Walsh turned out to be, even in that year, may be judged by the balloting for Senator which resulted as follows: Gillett, 566,188; Walsh, 547,600; Gillett's plurality, 18,588. As there were 12,716 votes cast for the Socialist candidate, and 22 scattering, Gillett's plurality over all was a slim total of 5,850 in an aggregate of more than a million ballots—this in the year when Coolidge's plurality over Davis in Massachusetts was more than 400,000.

Butler asks his constituents to observe the wave of prosperity which has descended on the land, as reported to the White House spokesman by eminent bankers and trust magnates and faithfully recorded in the faithful press. A slightly discordant note is apparent from the New England textile centers, including Senator Butler's home town of New Bedford, where the workers in Mr. Butler's four cotton mills have been out on the pavements much of the time for the past year. In order to improve the condition of his mill employees, Mr. Butler was one of those who strongly urged that the cotton schedule in the Fordney-McCumber Tariff be raised to 45 per cent. The immediate benefits of this measure were reflected in the extra and stock dividends declared by Mr. Butler's companies, until the buying public went on strike against high prices, when it became neces-

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sary to curtail production. In intimate talks to the unemployed textile workers, the Senator is assuring them that everything will be all right as soon as he is elected and can induce to use his executive control over the tariff to jack the cotton rates up still higher.

Assembling the incidents in Mr. Butler's life story in an orderly way, beginning with his birth on "Johnny Cake Hill," New Bedford, sixty-five years ago, the biographer finds nothing remarkable from the time, at the age of five, he sat on the knee of U. S. Grant, whose Administration held all records for corruption prior to Harding, until our hero arrived on Beacon Hill, Boston, a youthful member of the legislature.

Butler was a success from the start. In early youth, he was a bookkeeper. A cashbook and ledger were the primer of the preacher's son in the struggle for fortune and fame. Later, he studied law—and hung out his shingle in the old whaling town of New Bedford. It was as a fledgling lawyer that he went to the legislature. He played the game, and so ingratiated himself into the esteem of the public-service corporation and big industrial interests, with private axes to grind, that they moved heaven and earth to elect him to the State Senate, and soon had him installed as presiding officer of that body.

It is on the upper branch of the Massachusetts Legislature that the interests depend to kill all legislation which the House passes that they regard as inimical to their pocketbooks. The corporations have always controlled the upper body and have used great discretion in the selection of its presidents. William M. Butler proved eminently satisfactory, and so later did Calvin Coolidge, who also once presided over the Massachusetts Senate.

In time Butler, though unknown to the general public, came to be regarded among the gentry who make politics their business as the most powerful under-cover politician in the State. For more than thirty years he did not aspire to public office. But Butler, whose corporation-law practice grew more and more remunerative, had a finger in the political pie all the time. If "Uncle" Murray wanted a politician's head, Butler saw to it that the decapitation was neatly performed. If there was a Speaker of the House, or a President of the Senate to be chosen, "Uncle" Murray made the selection, and Butler saw that it was accepted.

Upon the death of Murray Crane, Butler became the recognized under-cover leader of the Crane forces. The Crane crowd never liked Lodge, with whom for many years it had to divide control of the party in Massachusetts. In their later years, Crane and Lodge were often out of step, notably on the League of Nations issue. Nobody denies that, in his own furtive sphere, backstage State politics, Butler was a skilful worker. He was introduced to national politics as soon as Coolidge, following the death of Harding, returned to the Willard Hotel as a temporary White House. Butler flitted in and out of the Presidential suite for a few weeks, then retired to his private yacht and awaited his appointment as the Coolidge convention manager for the approaching campaign.

Coolidge had no opposition for the nomination. Corralling enough delegates to assure this required no special sagacity or aptitude. In his first real test as a political manager on a national scale Butler was a total loss. He tried to boss the job of nominating Coolidge's running mate by the domineering methods in vogue in his New England cotton mills. After working himself into a nervous frenzy in abortive attempts to nominate first Borah, then Lowden, for the Vice-Presidency, with both men refusing to accept, Butler then trotted out the aged keynoter of the convention, Representative Theodore L. Burton, and he was rejected. When finally the White House telephoned the suggestion that Dawes be nominated as the only way out of the dilemma Butler accepted with bad grace. The delegates named Dawes. Butler grabbed his hat, turned his back on the convention, and left the hall. In only one objective did Butler succeed at the Cleveland convention, and this was by virtue of his influence as the new party boss in his home State. He showed his vindictiveness against Lodge, inherited from Crane, by handpicking the Massachusetts delegation and relegating the senior Senator from Massachusetts to the background, thus humiliating a better man.

Echoes of the Butler-Lodge feud are heard in the present campaign. Wilfred W. Lufkin, Collector of the Port of Boston, was appointed through Lodge. The collectorship is the biggest political plum in New England. Lufkin was begrudgingly reappointed by the present Administration because Butler feared to antagonize the remnant of the Lodge following on the eve of election. The story is that if Butler is elected, every Lodge man will walk the plank.

The death of Lodge occurred a few days after the last Presidential election. Prominent Republicans of the State and nation turned out for the obsequies. One of the cynics among them was heard to remark: "It looks like another landslide for Lodge." Among the professional mourners was Brother William M. Butler, sworn enemy of Lodge in life but very friendly toward him in death. Services were held in the old Unitarian Church facing Harvard College. Butler and Governor "Cunning" Cox were caught by a photographer of the Boston *Post* emerging from the edifice. The Governor was smiling happily. The two hurried back to Boston together, Butler going to his business office, the Governor to the State House. And almost before the undertaker had time to arrange the floral tributes on the grave of Lodge at Mt. Auburn Cox had announced his appointment of Butler as Senator. Upon Cox's subsequent retirement from public office he was made a vice-president of the biggest national bank in New England, although the outstanding failure of the Cox administration on Beacon Hill was in the management of the State finances.

Butler is sharp enough not to run on his own record. This is a rimless doughnut in the matter of constructive legislative achievements. As a young legislator on Beacon Hill thirty years ago he opposed every progressive bill that came his way. He twice voted against giving women the vote in municipal elections. He voted against the direct election of United States Senators. He voted against a bill to reduce the hours of street-railway employees from twelve hours to ten.

No bill that Butler has ever introduced in the United States Senate has been acted upon, nor have there been many serious enough to merit consideration. Among the Butler bills and resolutions were one "To purchase painting entitled, 'Our Glory—the Battleship Oregon'"; another "to survey Inner Oak Bluffs," where he has his summer home; another "to authorize an appropriation for reconditioning the U. S. S. Nantucket." He also introduced resolutions "for the participation of the United States in the Third World's Poultry Congress" and "for display of our national flag in United States courts."

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This is the positive side of the Butler record in the Senate. The negative side is somewhat more imposing. He voted against the Walsh report on the oil scandal and in favor of whitewashing Teapot Dome. He voted against the motion for a Senate investigation of Mellon's aluminum company. He voted against a resolution for investigation of the alleged monopolization of electric energy by the General Electric Company. When the President nominated Charles Beecher Warren, one of the chief agents and promoters of the beet-sugar trust, then under investigation by the Federal Trade Commission, for Attorney General, Senator Butler not only voted for confirmation but made a feeble and futile effort to lead the Administration fight to save Warren on the floor of the Senate.

Butler voted to untax wealth right down the line when the revenue bill was under consideration. He voted to lease the Government's $150,000,000 plant at Muscle Shoals to private interests; in other words, for selling out to the power trust.

When the resolution was first introduced to consider appointment of a Senate committee to investigate campaign expenditures, Senator Butler voted against it, but switched later, when it was obvious that the measure would pass, reluctantly giving his indorsement to the investigation in view.

Later, when Senator Neely, West Virginia, introduced a resolution denouncing the primary scandals in Pennsylvania and Illinois and proposing to put the Senate on record against campaign expenditures of more than $25,000 by a candidate for the Senate, Senator Cameron, Old Guardsman, talked this measure to death, orating on the Verde River irrigation scheme until the gavel fell. The New York *World* reported next day that the first Senator to grasp the hand of Cameron and to congratulate him on his noble effort was Senator Butler of Massachusetts.

But reactionary Senators no longer make their records an issue. If the opposition asks Butler about his record, he solemnly warns the people of Massachusetts to stand by Coolidge like the God-fearing men and women they are. As Butler remarked in the Methodist Tabernacle at Oak Bluffs: "Now is the time to show that righteousness exalteth a nation."

The Immigrant Press at Election Time

By ALBERT PARRY

I

GLENN FRANK has remarked: "The time will probably never come when English will be the one language spoken and written in the United States."

These words were uttered in 1920, when the quota barrier for the immigrants was not yet invented. Five years of the Johnson atrocities, launched in 1921, failed, however, to diminish the use of foreign languages in the United States and did not affect to any noticeable extent the powers of the foreign-language press in America.

One-tenth of the population of the United States is still served by the foreign-language press. The latest statistics show over 900 newspapers and magazines, published daily, weekly, semi-weekly, monthly, and semi-monthly in thirty-seven different languages, other than English, in various cities and towns of the United States. This fact has great political significance, for there are millions of voters among the readers of these papers and magazines. The two major American parties are aware of this. When dates of general or local elections draw near, the press serving the strangers is favored by the hungry glances of the party campaign managers no less than the great American dailies serving the natives.

Strange to say, there still are naive campaign managers in both camps, Republican and Democratic, who imagine that they will get all the space in the foreign-language press they need (and of course all the votes of its readers) by merely sending to the editors glowing circulars with candidates' biographies and speeches marked: "For Immediate Release." When an editor comes across a bulky envelope of such nature in his mail he is not likely to call upon anyone of his small and overburdened staff to translate the item from English into the language of his paper. True, most of the immigrant sheets are fed with translations from English. For almost all of their news they depend on the American dailies. I knew a case where a New York Russian daily waited for the next morning's *Times* to translate the news of a slight rain! The foreign-language journalists will translate weather, murders, fires, cases of rape, and news about their home countries, but not American politics. Speaking of the Czecho-Slovakian press in this country, Edward Hale Bierstadt lamented:

> Small space is devoted to American politics. The immigrant does not quite understand, and little effort has been made to help him. Even a Presidential election takes third or fourth place in the news matter. This is due rather to the neglect of the immigrant by the native-born than to any constitutional apathy on the part of the immigrant himself.

The case of the Czecho-Slovakian press holds for the papers of other nationalities in America, with a few exceptions. As to the causes of it, the immigrant's apathy, in our opinion, has more to do with the phenomena than the native-born's neglect, and this apathy is quite plausible and forgivable, even to an American eye of more or less intelligence: the foreign editors, like any editors, look for news; weather, murder, fire, and rape are news, but American politics is machine made and therefore not news. The American public itself is coming slowly to a realization of this; the foreign population of the country realized it much earlier, with the help and encouragement of their editors. But the party campaign managers still believe in the irresistible powers of their circulars. Some of them still do not know that foreign editors are not always as dumb as they sound when they speak English. They also do not know that an average foreign journalist in America hates the sight of *typewritten* news—he would rather translate two columns of dry material from a newspaper than a short paragraph of most lively and amazing happenings from a typewritten or mimeographed sheet. The campaign manager should see the bored expression with which the average foreign editor views his "For Immediate Release" and

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with which he releases the circular into his waste-basket.

Few campaign managers, either of the Republican creed or of the Democratic variety, realize how far away many foreign-language editors and their subordinates keep themselves from American life, and how crude their knowledge of the native language, customs, and politics is. Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, the editor of *Kowkab America*, a Syrian newspaper in New York, confesses in his autobiography that at the time of the Presidential elections in 1892 he, hearing cries of Democrats that Harrison was beaten because "he is in the hands of the monopolists, who grab the people's money and put it in their own pockets," thought that since there was a city of Minneapolis "the Minneapolists were the highway robbers." Yet this editor showed more interest in American politics than the average foreign-language journalist before or since. He prided himself on being a staunch Republican and he enlightened from time to time his Syrian audience with "learned" editorials on all the sides and questions of American politics!

Some years ago there was a Russian editor in New York who directed bitter attacks against "the dirty hireling of capitalists, the Presidential nominee Mr. Scattering." He thus understood the reports of a Republican convention, where, during one of the ballots, two or three candidates received fewer than half of the total votes, while the rest of the ballots were recorded as "Scattering."

II

Fortunately for themselves the campaign managers do not restrict their efforts to the editorial departments of immigrant newspapers. They attack the advertising departments as well, and here they do get some results, first, because they distribute dollars and cents along with the eloquence, and, secondly, because the men who run the publishing and advertising departments are of a more businesslike and more Americanized type than the men of the editorial departments. Consequently the campaign managers' eloquence finds its way into the foreign print, mostly in the form of advertisements and sometimes in the form of editorials and news items dictated to men on the editorial staff by men from the advertising department.

On the whole, campaign managers get their dollars' worth from the advertising departments of foreign newspapers, but even here mistakes were and are rampant. Politicians feel that the foreign-language press is a considerable power, which can be used by them to a very good advantage, but they do not know how to use it. The foreign publishers in their turn do not know much about American politics, their acquaintances among politicians not ranking above petty district leaders and other small fry. State and national committees (and these plan and distribute advertising) are entirely out of their reach. Consequently, intermediaries early appeared in the field, men who could easily, if they wished to, take advantage of the ignorance of each other of the two sides.

The most notorious type of such a go-between was found in Louis N. Hammerling, head of what was formerly the American Association of Foreign Language Newspapers. This imposing title condoned nothing more than an advertising agency, which started with no newspapers under its control but soon had several hundreds of them in its fold.

Hammerling, a poor Austrian immigrant, was formerly connected with a small Polish newspaper in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and was also employed as a solicitor of advertisements for the *United Mine Workers' Journal*. Local politicians cast an appreciative eye upon him, and Mr. Hammerling did not let the opportunity slip by. Soon we find him in New York, where in 1904 he took charge of the foreign-language press for the Republican Party in the campaign of that year. Apparently he delivered the goods expected, for he continued to serve this party through the year of 1916.

In 1908 he decided to settle in New York permanently in order to milk the fat cow of the Republican Party and to bully the simple calves of the foreign-language press in a more efficient way. He bought the so-called Italian-American Advertising Agency, changed its name to the high-sounding one of the American Association of Foreign Language Newspapers, and began his work.

In 1912 the Republican National Committee distributed through him over $100,000 worth of advertising. In 1916 the Republicans bought through Hammerling 30,000 lines in the dailies, and 40,000 lines in various other publications, 70,000 in all, for which Hammerling paid to the foreign publishers $52,500, but for which he charged the G. O. P. over $100,000. We must add that Hammerling made the foreign publishers accept a good part of the $52,500 in stock issued by his organization, and they never saw either dividends or their investment back.

Frank Zotti, the editor of the *Narodni List*, a Croatian newspaper, related of Hammerling's ways with small papers:

> As soon as they would get the 30-inch advertisement for the second insertion they would receive a letter from Hammerling stating that their paper has no circulation and that the company wants to withdraw, but that he will use his influence so that the company will keep the advertisement, but that he cannot pay the rate. He would pay him a little less rate, if he gets the advertisement again, but he would advise the publisher to keep the "ad" for the time being, and show his good-will. In this way a good many of those poor fellows kept the "ad" for fifty-two weeks and got paid for two weeks.

This particular instance is cited in connection with the commercial advertising distributed by Hammerling, but he used similar methods with equal success in his efforts to make the foreigners vote for the Grand Old Party. These methods helped Hammerling to amass a great fortune, and when, under fire for his alleged pro-German propaganda, he was compelled to leave this country, he returned to the land of his humble birth as a much-respected millionaire. In his dealings with the press he acquired a taste for journalism, and now, with the money of the fooled Republicans and cheated immigrant publishers, he runs his own newspaper, the *New Reform*, in Krakow, Poland, with a circulation of 100,000.

Yet he was seldom cursed by his victims. The banquets arranged by him at the heyday of his glory were attended by distinguished Republicans, a few Cabinet members among them, who eulogized Hammerling as "president of 500 or 600 foreign newspapers," one who never failed to deliver the goods at elections. The foreign-language publishers appreciated the advertisements, which without him they would never get and for which, instead of the paltry twenty-five or fifty cents of other agents, he paid them sometimes as high as seventy-five cents per inch. Foreign publishers tell me that their rates stand now at

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the point to which Hammerling brought them, and they mention Hammerling's name in warm voice. When a few months ago Hammerling arrived in New York on one of his mysterious trips he was greeted by most appreciative articles by most of the foreign-language newspapers—with a few exceptions.

III

These few exceptions warrant a special chapter. Indeed, if not for them, the situation of the foreign press in its relations with American politics would be wholly unbearable. The intelligent minority consists largely of the German and Yiddish newspapers.

We note that German newspapers, almost the only national group of all the foreign papers in America, did not become clients and vassals of the almighty Hammerling, a German by nativity and mother tongue! The German editors and publishers of long and well-established papers are, as a rule, well versed in the politics and business methods of America, and neither campaign managers nor advertising agents can prey on them as easily as on editors and publishers of the more recent immigration.

The German newspapers can be classed with the native American press in the way they treat American politics. American politics is news to the German editors. The chief of the New York Foreign Language Information Bureau said in a newspaper interview on the eve of the Presidential campaign of 1920: "Germans have been here so long that they are in local politics. The average reader of a German paper is much more interested in Bill Miller's chance for the town council than he is in the fate of the Kaiser."

The Jewish editors appeared in this country much later than their German confreres, but what they lack in years of American experience they make up by their racial intelligence and inborn shrewdness. The Yiddish papers display some independence in their dealings with campaign managers. The newspaper with the greatest circulation—the Socialist *Vorwaerts*—is entirely out of their reach. The rapidly growing Communist *Freiheit* is closed to their endeavors too. The other smaller papers, while open to traffic with the Republican and Democratic parties, are rapidly waning in influence. Yet even with them the campaign managers and advertising brokers are obliged to be decent.

Twenty Years of Adolescence

By MARION BACHRACH

RECENTLY I heard a lecture alluringly entitled The Problem of the Adolescent—Can the Parent Understand? The amiable professor spoke with calm assurance of the milestones which must be passed in the "normal" adolescent period. That was the time for testing one's wings, for leaving the home nest, for fitting oneself for a mate. Through rebellion against authority one came to achieve independence; through tentative loves one freed the libido from its home moorings. Even a little dabbling in radicalism was pardonable for adolescents. If one got burned sending off intellectual fireworks, one had all the more respect for Rotarians when the adolescent fever had passed.

There never was a doubt in the professor's mind that the fever would pass. The impression he gave was that the passing would be swift and sudden. In movie phrasing there would "come a day" when from a welter of drunken orgies and socialistic meetings sedate men and women would emerge, as the professor put it, "psychically independent, emotionally free, capable of leading normal, heterosexual lives."

As I left the lecture room my own image suddenly confronted me in a mirror. I was pleased with that glimpse of myself. I looked like the person I like to think myself—an intelligent and mature woman of forty with no nonsense about her. My clothes were smart and modish, but they were also suitable. My hair lay soft and well-groomed under my becoming hat. There was dignity in my bearing and a pleasant repose in my face. "Middle-age isn't so bad," I thought. "It's fighting against it that makes it ugly." Until suddenly I realized with a start what a pitiful fake this image was. For all my brave show of maturity was I really anything more than a bewildered girl, tricked out in her mother's clothes; that pitiful, wretched, and yet vivid creature testing herself against the mysterious forces of the real world; that adolescent whose stormy inner life had been so neatly laid bare by the lecturer's scalpel? I might be an anomaly—but what I knew of my friends made me doubt it.

Certainly I put up as good a bluff as any of them. It was fifteen years since I married my lovable and sympathetic husband. Our marriage had been a happy one. Our home was comfortable and well-ordered; our children were robust and jolly. I had a job. And I managed to conduct myself on most occasions with dignity and sense. But—I kept right on adolescing.

The lecturer had a real feeling for adolescents—at least for young ones. He said, in substance, that their impulses were healthy and growth-promoting. It wasn't that they particularly wanted to get drunk or stay out all night or row with their families. Those things were only abortive, irrelevant symbols of their vigorous urge to cut loose, to stand on their own feet. That seems to me to fit old-time adolescents like myself, as well as the novices to whom his statements were confined. Basically my desires are the same as they were when I was eighteen, and as conflicting. They are only more sharply defined, more poignant, and they have perhaps found new "abortive and irrelevant symbols." I do not very often drink or stay out on wild parties, and my rows with my family are models of civilized reasonableness. But am I any less rebellious now that I have a husband helping my parents direct my welfare? Am I more independent since I have two children? Have I been "emotionally freed" because I love three people, besides those I already loved at eighteen? My impulses are as healthy and as growth-promoting as they ever were. And their expression, though different, is just as absurd and inadequate as when I sauntered hatless on the campus, cut classes to moon by the lake, or smoked forbidden cigarettes in the dormitory bathroom.

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Take first of all that matter of rebelliousness which is so universal and so accredited a part of adolescence. As a licensed adolescent of eighteen I rebelled against my parents. They were unusually intelligent and understanding folk. But they were my parents. It was therefore naturally imperative that I put them in their place by threatening to leave home and work in a sweatshop, by joining the Socialist Party, and by filling the house with radicals and tobacco smoke. Mild enough manifestations of revolt, you must agree. But according to the experts in adolescent psychology, even such mild juvenilities should be over by the time one is—say—twenty.

Yet, under my impressive mask of matronliness, there are days when I seethe with a revolt the intensity of which shames my wildest student upheavals. For look: I must revolt against my parents still, because to them I am still a child. My mother complains that my clothes are impractical or unbecoming—unless she has chosen them herself. My father thinks my political opinions childish and immature. They agree in criticizing the way I bring up my children. And to the old reasons for revolt is added a new one. I must rebel against my husband because to him I am not a child but (absurd!) a woman. And as a woman he expects me to pay my bills promptly and to accept all sorts of social and domestic responsibilities which I find irksome and irrelevant. So I fume and boil inwardly because my parents would deny me the privileges and my husband would demand of me the obligations of adulthood.

You will already have classified me as a psychoneurotic of the worst sort. But before I proceed to even darker revelations, let me remind you of one thing—no one suspects my infantilism. The admirable person I saw in the mirror of the lecture hall is the person my family and friends know. My mother has never guessed that I persist in wearing purple merely because she dislikes it. My husband doesn't know how I long to thumb my nose and put out my tongue when his partner dines at our impeccable table.

"And capable of leading normal, heterosexual lives." The ultimate achievement of adolescence! I'm not sure that I know what a "normal" heterosexual life is. Judged by the usual standards I am neither prudish nor morbid and unpleasant. My parents revealed "the facts of life" to me at the approved time and in an approved manner. I believed them, and marriage and the birth of my children justified my confidence in their veracity. Yet do you think that my curiosity is satisfied? Or that, because I have been happily married for fifteen years, I have never had a vagrant fancy or never cast a longing eye on romance? True, I am a respectable woman and I do not underestimate the value of security. But surely I am not the first matron who has secretly believed herself a Pompadour wasting by a suburban hearth.

"Psychically independent and emotionally free." Emotionally free! Well, so far as I know, I was never in love with an uncle or debauched by a nurse-maid. At the age of twenty I was free enough to fall in love with my husband and eventually to accept marriage and two children. It seems to me that with the proper adolescent period I left emotional freedom behind. I am an ambitious woman. But last year I gave up a chance for advancement and a trip to Europe because I could not bear the thought of a year's separation from my husband and children. Emotional freedom—bosh! I do not think it would be worth much to us if we had it. But I am sure that I at least am tied as tight as a hangman's knot and that freedom, and in fact maturity itself are but mirages that elude us through a lifetime of adolescing.

In the Driftway

RECENTLY the Drifter had occasion to look for some papers in a rarely visited cubbyhole and, much to his surprise, pulled out a bulky pile of envelopes, sealed, stamped, and addressed in his own handwriting to various friends. Except for a slight layer of dust, it was an imposing pile of stationery, but the Drifter was completely baffled as to what it might be. One by one he turned over the letters in a daze until gradually the cold, clammy truth began to seep into his noddle. It all came back to him, not with the quick, clarifying flash with which a drowning man's past is said to disclose itself, but with an oozy, uncomfortable sensation like that by which, when hunting through the pantry in the dark for an odd piece of apple pie, one realizes he has dipped his fingers by mistake in a bowl of cold chicken gravy.

* * * * *

THE Drifter stumbled backward into a chair and, reconstructing the events of the past year, recalled that early in December, 1925, he had resolved to do his Christmas mailing early. He had bought a fine assortment of Christmas cards, made up a list of persons to whom they were to go, and sat down one night fully three weeks before the 25th to prepare them for the mails. He did not stop until all the cards were safely inclosed in their envelopes and the latter were sealed, stamped, and addressed. Then, as it was still too early to send out Christmas cards, the Drifter piled them neatly together, stuck them away in a cubbyhole—and never thought of them again.

* * * * *

WHAT to do? The Drifter's first thought was to write a little note of explanation, have it manifolded or printed, and then pop all these slightly belated Christmas cards off in fresh envelopes containing also the story of the delay. But this seemed like considerable work, besides which it would involve the purchase of a large batch of new stamps unless the Drifter undertook to pull off those already stuck on the sealed envelopes. This is all right in the case of one or two letters, but it is tiresome beyond that point and besides it leaves the envelopes looking a bit mussy. So the Drifter reflected further and decided simply to mail the envelopes as they were. His friends would blame the post office for the delay and would get a good bit of kick out of telling the story or by writing indignant letters to the newspapers denouncing the slowness of the mails.

* * * * *

BUT, thinking further and more craftily, it occurred to the Drifter that next Christmas was not so far away. Why not conserve the labor he had expended last December by carrying it forward to the coming holiday season? Fortunately, Christmas cards are not dated. The dealers are too wary for that—it would spoil the sale for any stock they had left over. So the Drifter put his pile of envelopes back in their cubbyhole. His friends will receive them for Christmas, 1926—if he does not forget again.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Americanized China

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Evidently the novelists are wrong on this point of the gracious manners of the Chinese. There is, however, another explanation of the bad manners of the Chinese delegates at Geneva [*Nation* 123:312]. It is just one more instance of the Americanization of China, which Mr. Gannett pointed out some time ago: Charleston, Ford, chewing gum, and now—bad manners.

The chief Chinese delegate to the League is called Chao-Hsin Chu. Chu is his last name and the hyphen comes between his first and his middle names. *The Nation*, after all, is an American periodical!

Cambridge, Mass., October 8 CHAO-YING SHILL

An Army That Liberates

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Chinese people have been the most peace-loving and law-abiding people since the beginning of history. They hate particularly the type of militarism practiced by the Northern selfish militarists who, since the revolution of 1911 which made China a democracy, have stationed all over the spiritual as well as physical provinces of the South. Chief among these provinces are Hunan and Hupeh. These militarists taxed, squeezed, and smuggled the very life and soul of the poor masses of people who live in this rich river valley of the Yangtze. The soldiers robbed the merchants, storekeepers, and even peddlers wherever they went. They were feared and hated. This hatred has thus penetrated and soaked deep and thoroughly into the hearts and bones of the people who inhabit a territory of the South run by the North. For fifteen long years the people have suffered and waited. Today their dreams have come true. The Southern forces have come to the rescue; everywhere are signs of mutual friendship between the soldiers from the South and the local people of all classes and walks of life. Their ideals and their aims are the same: Down with Militarism and Imperialism, Uphold the Rights and Privileges of Citizenship. Not until they have succeeded with their march toward Peking and there wiped off the rotten root of imperialistic manipulations and set up a representative New China will they cease the present operations.

I do not care whether the noble foreigners now living among us call these people of the South "Reds," "Bolsheviks," or "Rascals." They certainly do not rob the people, and the people are definitely with them. The Canton, or Southern, Government is not Communistic, Bolsheviki, Soviet, Red, Blue, or Yellow; it is Chinese pure and simple.

Hankow, China, September 8 FRANK HSINGCHI LIU

He Likes Us

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why do you persist in making it impossible for me to do without *The Nation?*

Just about the time I decide that the search for truth and decency is a waste of time, and to transfer my affections to *Hot Dog* or *True Confessions*, you come out with something like Stephen Benét's King David or Harry Hervey's The Young Men Go Down. Now you print My Black Brother Mafeking. I have no language to express my enjoyment of it. If that isn't great writing, then I'm even a bigger idiot than I have suspected. Furthermore Harry Kemp's poem is magnificent.

You should be careful. We are not used to fare of this sort.

Shiner, Texas, October 6 HARTLEY H. HEPLER

DORAN BOOKS

Certain Books of Importance

HERVEY ALLEN

Israfel:
The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe

The most notable biography of our year. For the first time the complete story of the most lonely, mysterious, and romantic figure in American literature is given a memorable and convincing form. Much research has produced a most original book and one which shows the biographer as a powerful narrator of dramatic events as well as a critic and scholar. Illustrated. 2 Vols. November 5. $10.00.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

Jesting Pilate:
An Intellectual Holiday

Rarer than a good travel book, this is a book of great personality, the adventures of the brilliant English writer round the world. The romantic color evoked from strange corners of the globe matches the author's zest for new sights, customs and ideas. $3.50.

JOSEPH COLLINS

The Doctor Looks at Love and Life

The famous doctor-critic speaks openly of the delicate problems of sex as they confront men and women, and the whole fabric of society, today. Modern problems, the course and fate of love, the relative values in American life, these are elements in a discussion whose viewpoint and conclusions are as unusual and up-to-date as the problems themselves. $3.00.

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A Son of the Bowery:
The Life Story of an East Side American

Born of immigrant parents on New York's East Side, Charles Stelzle is known today from coast to coast. The dramatic story of his rise is told here, of his boyhood, his days as a machinist, his great constructive work for the Labor Movement, his development of new methods of social welfare. $3.50.

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A Victorian American—
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

This first modern life of Longfellow not only shows the famous poet in a new and intensely human light, but it details richly a period in American history replete with color. Mr. Gorman has made excellent use of new material and has produced a readable and vastly entertaining study. Illustrated. $5.00.

JOHN DRINKWATER

Mr. Charles King of England

The absurdities, vices and beauties of a fascinating and disgraceful period form the background for an unusual study of the facile Charles II. Illustrated, octavo. $5.00.

DORAN BOOKS

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Books and Plays

Race

By VIRGINIA MOORE

A wild necessity to run
Disturbs my body, day and night:
I think the race is never won.

Mine is an undiminished flight
Up any hill. I sternly press
To goals forever lost to sight.

What zeal is this that grows no less?
I understand the body's heat,
But not the spiritual excess.

Perhaps the spirit, beat on beat,
Rarer than flesh, and greatly thinned,
Is running races with my feet.

Perhaps these two are closely-kinned:
I and the disembodied wind.

First Glance

WILLIAM HADLEY, whose pleasant task it has been to edit selections from the correspondence of Horace Walpole and William Cowper for two new volumes of Everyman's Library (Dutton: 80 cents each), implies in his brace of prefaces that the distinction of being the best letter-writer in the eighteenth century, and therefore in all of English time, must belong either to Walpole or to Cowper. I do not question the honor thus paid to the eighteenth century; indeed, I would pay it greater honor by increasing its number of candidates. Pope, as Mr. Hadley makes clear, is out of the question. But there is Swift, among whose letters would have to be numbered the ones he wrote to Stella and Mrs. Dingley, and there is the more recently discovered Mr. Boswell. There are others too. It was a wonderful century. Yet there is reason for confining the argument to Mr. Hadley's pair.

Not only are Walpole and Cowper perfect within their respective bounds, not only are they exhaustive of all the possibilities offered to men of their respective temperaments; they also, when taken together, come as near as two men could come to giving a perfect and exhaustive picture of the eighteenth century as it appeared to persons of genius. Walpole gives us the half we know better—the half inhabited busily and gaily by persons of the great world. In Walpole we get politics, gossip, "taste," dilettantism, and antiquarianism. Cowper, however, gives us something equally important and representative, for in him we get the solitary, the soul in retirement among little things, the mind beset with doubts and ecstasies and despairs. Walpole went skipping over Europe after this or that, and when he was in England administered a castle built to his taste and crammed with curiosities; Cowper crept early into the hole at Olney where most of his life he hid with the Unwins from the distractions of a world he could not discipline himself to endure. For Strawberry Hill there is the tiny study where Cowper went in the morning to versify and forget his troubles; for the whirl of politics which so constantly interested the son of the first Prime Minister there is Mr. Grenville the candidate, who one afternoon visited Cowper—of all persons—with a view to securing his "influence." For Walpole's exotic pets—goldfish with Chinese names and fancy bantams—there are Cowper's plain cats and hares and birds. For Walpole's ticket of admission to the halls of his castle there is Cowper's shrinking fear lest strangers find him out, there is his hope year in and year out that Lady Austen will become so angry with him at last that she will move away.

I must confess that I cannot decide for myself between these two. Mr. Hadley makes more of Cowper's "artlessness" and "simplicity" than I can; surely they are not virtues in themselves, and over against them at any rate could be set the equally simple passion in Walpole for satisfying his curiosity. Neither was artless, and both had nimbleness of mind in a degree hardly anywhere else to be met with in the world of letter-writers. Probably they are not to be compared at all, since they never meet and compete.

"A Selection from the Letters of Horace Walpole, with Many Illustrations and Facsimiles from Old Prints and Contemporary Sources," edited by W. S. Lewis (Harper, 2 vols.: $10), might have tipped the scales in favor of Walpole, since it is a beautiful work most competently produced—though it actually contains fewer letters, I believe, than the Everyman volume does. But it did not. I still cannot say which fellow is the more fascinating.

MARK VAN DOREN

Washington at Last?

George Washington: The Image and the Man. By W. E. Woodward. Boni and Liveright. $5.

George Washington, 1732-1762. By Rupert Hughes. William Morrow and Company. $4.

The Family Life of George Washington. By Charles Moore. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

IT was an ill service that Washington did the image-makers when he kept a diary; otherwise W. E. Woodward could be lightly dismissed as a flippant slanderer. The most uncompromising realist is prone to cringe as Mr. Woodward in almost every chapter plucks the gaudy feathers with which worshiping or partisan biographers have bedecked and disguised the hero of the Revolution. But out of these brilliant pages—and they are brilliant—emerges the man—of the "Diaries."

Mr. Woodward's Washington is a modern captain of industry in the making—unimaginative, eternally pessimistic, a little grasping, honest but hard in business dealings, dynamic, cunning in trade, a little snobbish, contemptuous of the common and courteous to the sacred herd. It is really a painting made from the homely tin-type of the "Diaries," and done with fidelity. Here, too, is the man of scrupulous integrity, fine courtesy in society, good intentions, and some vision. Here, also, we have the motif of his political career—hatred of democracy, indifference to the masses, a belief in government "by the well born and the wealthy." He was more interested in property than in human rights, which explains his alignment in the Hamilton-Jefferson controversy. Both Mr. Woodward and Mr. Hughes throw a white light on Washington's impatience with the Jeffersonians' plan for discrimination in favor of the original holders of securities in the funding fight, and on the story of his own profiting from the necessities of poverty-crippled soldiers sent out by the Ohio Company years before.

Thus Mr. Woodward unfolds the wrappings and gets down to flesh. Inevitably he gives us a man who was essentially a

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business man—a materialist. An unpleasant story, that of the eviction of the squatters who had settled in good faith on his Pennsylvania grant, when he got the benefit of their improvements; but that is taken from the "Diaries." However, Mr. Woodward does justice to Washington's business character, for he had the constructive even more than the speculative instinct, and executive genius. He farmed profitably, because scientifically, and in his distillery made the best liquor in Virginia. Some may resent the reference to liquor, wine, gin, rum, brandy, but the steel engravings of a myth are less appealing than these pictures of a hearty human being sitting down to a heavy dinner washed down with beer and wine.

Thus the wrappings fall. The "Diaries" were devastating to Parson Weems's perfect boy, and Mr. Woodward has irreparably damaged that picture of Washington on his knees at Valley Forge. He even summons good Dr. Abercrombie to smash the legend of his religious fervor. Thus, too, the perfect slave-owner of Lodge's imagining, who would neither buy nor sell slaves, turns out to be a myth. He did buy, and he did sell, and in the case of the ungovernable he sold them to the West Indies—the slave's literal hell. He did nothing to improve his slaves' minds or morals, and was apparently unconcerned with the promiscuous sexual relations on his plantation—except among his dogs. But he fed and clothed his slaves well, and forbade brutal treatment by the lash. These plucked feathers will suffice to show wherein the book is iconoclastic.

But it is more than that, for we have here the development of the economic basis of the Revolution. Sprinkled throughout are vivid little word pictures, like that of Patrick Henry delivering his immortal speech. (But how does Mr. Woodward get the impression that Henry "believed in democracy to the bottom of his soul"?) Mr. Woodward has a knack for characterizations in a sentence. Thus, "Jefferson's ideas have the subtle permanence of a cameo"; "Richard Henry Lee was the kind of man who, early in life, begins to look like a family portrait"; Sir William Howe "walked through the Revolution like a slow-paced cardinal walking through the dim corridors of the Vatican"; Paine "wrote homely words" that "march across his pages like muscular freckle-faced men crossing a field."

Quite a different book is Rupert Hughes's, which takes an almost virgin field and plows it thoroughly, cultivates it intensively, and brings forth much harvest. It is confined to the first thirty years. No one has delved so deeply and probed so patiently into this comparatively neglected period. Mr. Hughes has redeemed it. They were years of slow accumulation of acres, of soldiering and love-making, and here, too, many loved traditions of the school books meet with challenge, and some unpleasant stories are featured, albeit not without justification. The soldier rather suffers in the story of Fort Necessity, and while he of Braddock's defeat remains superhumanly courageous, he is not so superlatively wise; and the much-maligned Braddock, of whom an attractive portrait is given, emerges from these pages a rather brilliant, altogether lovable roué of fine soldierly qualities. A splendid, stirring story, this of Braddock's expedition, its gay camp with fashionable ladies competing for the favor of the commander, the army stumbling and struggling onward over bogs, gullies, rocks, creeks, tortured by woodticks and a lack of liquor as they carve their way with axes through primeval forests.

Mr. Hughes has gone deeply into the most unfortunate incident in Washington's career—the killing of Jumonville and a company of Frenchmen claiming to be emissaries with a message. Few Americans realize that this was an international incident of the time, resulting in the publication of pamphlets, poems, official reports in France, baldly accusing Washington of "assassination." Mr. Hughes has examined the records, the pamphlets, the poems, the reply of Washington, and he presents them all for what they are worth. He evidently does not believe—who could?—that Washington knowingly ordered his men to fire on emissaries. He had reasons to assume them something else. It is possible of course that a mistake was made; the reader, having both sides fully stated, will judge for himself.

More entertaining perhaps is Mr. Hughes's elaborate argument to prove that Washington loved his friend's wife, Sally Fairfax. Mr. Woodward agrees. Mr. Charles Moore in "The Family Life of George Washington" scouts the idea, but touches the topic gingerly. Mr. Hughes, we think, makes good his case up to the point where he would have this coldly cautious man of convention and broad acres ready to elope—and there he overleaps the mark.

Mr. Moore's book is an intimate, charmingly gossipy, and thoroughly authentic chronicle of the family, including Martha's grandchildren. He shows conclusively that they shared in Martha's snobbery and her poor opinion of "the filthy democrats."

All three books are worth while. Mr. Woodward has given us the most brilliant, cynical, and clever portrait; Mr. Hughes has taken the youthful Washington, a fading myth, and made him a red-blooded, lusty, gusty human being for the first time; and Mr. Moore has given us the most satisfactory family history we have yet had.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Proof of the Pudding

Far End. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"FAR END" is the commonplace story of the efforts of a wife to hold the love of her novelist husband. Whatever subtleties it may be supposed to involve are deeply hid. The tale, after wandering uncertainly in various directions, finally expires in tender sentiment upon the hearthstone of a cottage which, if not precisely rose-embowered, is at least beclustered with equally appropriate flowers, and a conclusion more commonplace or less satisfactory it would be difficult to find. If May Sinclair were an unknown writer one would not be inclined to ponder over it for long; one might feel, perhaps, a certain surprise at the discovery of so banal a tale recounted in so crisp and competent a style, but one would hardly feel more.

Miss Sinclair being, however, the person she is, one is bound to suppose that some subtlety, at least of technique, was intended, and one is bound to seek it out. Moreover she herself seems to offer a clue, for in a chapter which does not appear to have any function at all unless it be to supply a key she represents her novelist discussing his craft. He is determined, he says, to discard the conventional novelistic device of the omniscient spectator and to represent instead events as they appear in the consciousness of a particular character, even though he must, in so doing, rest content with the fact that his reader can never be sure that he is getting the truth about persons or things as distinguished from the way in which they appear to a single fallible person. To this a critic friend replies that it would be even more remarkable to have a piece of fiction in which events and characters were seen, not through the personality of one character, but through that of all those involved; and though the novelist rejects this method as one too hard to hit, it is apparently the one which Miss Sinclair has endeavored to follow.

Now one might reasonably object that a story as perceived by three different persons would be simply three stories and that it would carry one no further than "The Ring and the Book," but Miss Sinclair has endeavored to forestall that objection also by introducing a passage from one of her hero's other novels in which is represented the humorous argument of a philosopher, passionately devoted to the idealistic conception of the universe, who endeavors to maintain that though each of the three slices of pudding eaten by three guests exists separately only in the mind of the eater there also exists *a*

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pudding which consists of the ideas of all the perceivers put together. Perhaps, then, Miss Sinclair has endeavored to tell her story in such a way that its intellectual and moral background shall nowhere transcend the limitations of the collective intelligence of her characters. They see their problem and evaluate the worth of the conclusion not as she but as they would see it, and they solve it not as she but as they would fancy it solved. If they fall into banal sentiment and arrive at a haven less secure than they suppose, then the fault is theirs and she, a mere outside person, has no obligation to offer any comment upon their deficiencies.

Unfortunately, however, the result of so intricate a scheme —if this, indeed, be it—is, in the present instance at least, a novel which can only with difficulty be distinguished from the product of a second-rate mind, and it is not easy to see just what has been gained—although the losses are clear enough. The irony, if irony is, indeed, intended, is never very pointed, and whatever insight into the situation the author may have had is carefully hid. Miss Sinclair has traveled through a wide circle and returned to something which, even in technique, is barrenly simple and which fails to convey anything whatever. She has surrendered the opportunity which the more usual manner of writing novels affords, and she has gained nothing in vivid objective presentation. No matter what realm of being puddings may inhabit the proof of them is still in the eating, and "Far End" is not good pudding.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

New Ways with an Old Perplexity

Strangers. By Dorothy Van Doren. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE subjects most interesting to man, love and death and birth, hunger and pain and truth and beauty and power, proceed directly from his own nature and the effect on his nature of the world in which he lives. After these primary interests come others produced by arbitrary regulations which he or society has imposed upon his nature. Among these adultery is perhaps the most universally interesting today, because we are emerging from a period in which it was pretty generally considered a sin, at least when openly indulged, though prostitution always afforded an escape for the man from too stifling monogamy, into a period when prostitution seems more hateful than decorum seems desirable, and men question an institution that has never been maintained except in name. Because we are in such a transition period, adultery arrogates to itself an importance that for the moment almost seems to exceed that of the primary interests, since great masses of people think not at all of truth and beauty, and many to whom love is a stranger can still get excited for and against adultery. And of course to the extent that it is, as in this book, an individual matter of conflicting emotions, and not a social matter of broken commandments, it is also a primary interest.

Love is not a stranger to the husbands and wives in Mrs. Van Doren's frank treatment of this ancient and yet peculiarly modern difficulty. Her title is concerned with the inevitable separateness of the individual soul. And this may possibly give some clue to her convictions on the subject, though whatever these may be she keeps them to herself. It is indicative of the impersonality of her treatment that she permits only one of her characters to use the word adultery, since the word expresses a preconceived attitude about what may be a natural and desirable course of action. Not that Mrs. Van Doren says it is this. But she watches her characters' experiments impartially. Men change their minds from time to time as to what actions constitute sins, and the number of so-called crimes has vastly decreased with civilization. And so she does not call by a name that has been synonymous with the blackest sin and crime a course of action that may be about to enter a more respectable category. The crime after all may have been a social crime perpetrated against individual human nature. We are beginning to suspect today that the one unforgivable thing is to sin against life. And possibly society has sinned grievously against life when it has decreed that each man and woman shall love only once in a lifetime, unless his or her life partner chances to die. Individuals have always reacted differently to this social law. Some have heeded it and some have gone their way. National customs have grown up by which people were able decorously to evade it. So Mrs. Van Doren does not stack the cards against Ann's love affair with Stephen by giving it a dark name. But, on the other hand, Rachel and Paul, who in their young passion can't conceive of loving anyone else, seem to be her favorite pair of lovers.

The engaging Ann is the disturbing factor in the book. For Ann quite frankly questions the desirability of monogamy, and if woman questions it as well as man, the whole house may fall about our ears. There have always been light women, of course. If there weren't, many a solemn young man tells his wife, monogamy wouldn't last a day. But Ann can't be dismissed as a light woman. She is as self-respecting and genuine and independent a personality as any man. And when one spring of joy and zest in life grows flaccid, she tastes another.

Of course it is true, as the wife of Ann's lover points out, that two people seldom begin and stop loving each other at the same time, and this is often considered an overwhelming argument in favor of monogamy. It may be another proof rather that life isn't particularly simple than that a woman should try to kill her love for one man because another still loves her. I am not quite sure how it eventually seems to Ann. Mrs. Van Doren wisely knows that it will seem many different things to her as she is tossed from one emotion to another, and leaves the decision open. She doesn't try to ram any conclusion down Ann's throat, or ours. Instead she contents herself with telling, with a quite unusual impartiality and respect for different sorts of persons, the story of one of those very real entanglements that confront all ardent and generous and intelligent people who have ceased to guide their conduct by any arbitrary set of rules.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Primitive Mentality

How Natives Think. By Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. Authorized Translation by Lillian A. Clare. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

PROFESSOR LÉVY-BRUHL, of Paris, at the moment the guest of Johns Hopkins University, is a distinguished scholar in several fields. He has made a distinctive and important study of the early stages of human thinking. Unfortunately his works remained long untranslated. His "Primitive Mentality," which appeared in English three years ago, is in reality the second part of the present work, which in the original bears the more exact title: "Mental Processes in Undeveloped Societies." He has advanced the problem which Tylor established in the evolutionary movement half a century ago. Tylor found the solution in the concept of animism, the attempt to project the universe and interpret natural forces on the pattern of human motives and ways of thinking, and furthermore in the doctrine of survival, the tendency to continue outgrown habits of thought especially when embodied in the cultural products of customs, myths, beliefs, rites, and folklore generally. The monumental work of Fraser has refined and extended this anthropological phase of psychology to a vast array of cultural phenomena, vital to the story of the human psyche and its varied development—the whole an impressive panorama of the human past. Now that man's anthropological past has come to be incorporated into the schoolboy's knowledge and the popular consciousness of the meaning of history, it is a source of gratification that the more scholarly reader has ready access to the approach and findings of Lévy-Bruhl.

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Lévy-Bruhl's correction of the Tylor view has all the significance of an original discovery. The psychology of Tylor's day was most inadequate. Brilliant as was his mind, he shared the limitations of the day and looked upon the primitive man as an undeveloped modern European, just as the child psychology of that and even of a later day regarded the child as an immature adult. What Lévy-Bruhl makes clear is that the primitive mind is quite a different type of psychic instrument; it is in the pre-logical stage, and is differently oriented toward the world of things and spirits. It works in a different medium and milieu. It is not so much that it lacks what we possess in our mental heritage as that its animus is differently directed, differently inspired, differently interested. We work with concepts; the pre-logical stage of the concept Lévy-Bruhl calls "collective representation"—not a good term but not easy to improve upon. Its essential characteristics are that it arises and derives its force from the collective social life, and that it has a deep emotional source and sway. Furthermore, its psychic nature is saturated in something which we call mystical or occult, but which really operates by the "law of participation." It is the concept "in the making."

Though Lévy-Bruhl calls it by the same name, he seems not to have been influenced by the Freudian "concept" but to have recognized independently the inherent traits that characterize the Freudian psychology; its strong emotional tone, derived from the social pressure and conferring the pleasure of belief—the fantasy trend which in early psychic stages dominates reality and replaces it. The illuminating power of the Lévy-Bruhl concept of primitive mentality is far-reaching, though not easily indicated in brief compass. When we recall the story of the Indians who told Catlin that since he had put buffaloes in pictures in a book, they had none to eat; when we remember that after a primitive man dreams he has been bitten by a snake he goes through the treatment suitable for a real bite; that what the wife does when her husband warrior or hunter is on the war-path is believed to influence his fate, we are touching upon various phases of the law of participation. The picture, the name, the dream, the wife, the husband, the parts of the body, the clothing, the instruments of war or chase, the totemic animal, the luck, all participate in the qualities and action of what to us is real only in the object; the rites that grow about these collective representations are true "communion" ceremonies. The virtue, the principle, the power by which the rite works, is real with the reality of the mystic and occult. What to us is superstition thus acquires a deeper meaning and a more authentic warrant; and the lore of names, numbers, shadows, dreams, ghosts, images, effigies, omens, amulets, charms, fetishes, lots, fortunes, auguries, takes its proper part in the story of how the human mind cut its teeth, from those of infancy to those of (alleged) wisdom. To call primitive people heathens who worship idols becomes a crudity worse than any confusion or error. Whatever we may think of his conclusions, the primitive man's thinking is worthy of respect.

The Lévy-Bruhl thesis is well supported by application; the details are interesting. In illustrating how natives think, he studies their language, their systems of counting, their notions of disease and treatment, their nature-lore, their kinship relations, their magic, their priest-craft and their "mediums" with unusual gifts as seers and prophets, their elaborate notions of death and birth, their property and authority regulations; and he uses the same key to unlock all the mysterious storerooms of the primitive mind. In due course he sets forth that the logical claimant, the assertion of the life of reason in Santayana's convenient phrase, makes terms with the older orientations; and the transition occurs to a higher type—as the new stone age replaces the old stone age. Yet this is done with none of the steady progress that later ensues when the logic which lays the foundations of science reorients the human mind. Nor does the analysis and its lessons for our own psychology end here; there are other habits of the undeveloped mind, some of them discoverable in the intelligence tests, such as strong sensory observation and memory, the particularizing tendency, the feebleness of abstractions and generalizations, the satisfaction of the imaginary and the security of the familiar. The study of Lévy-Bruhl covers an important chapter in primitive psychology, rich in interest, significant in its bearings upon the persistent problem: why we behave like human beings, and why we do so so imperfectly.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Books in Brief

Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris, France. By Donald Ogden Stewart. Harper and Brothers. $2.

There is no formula for being funny, but any number of formulas for creating comic effects. The trouble with these formulas is that they are formulas, and though by all the laws of logic they ought to be as good one time as another, they never are. Mr. Stewart employed a formula with marked success in "A Parody Outline of History" and "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind," but recently the law of diminishing returns has begun its deadly work; the laughs in "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris, France" are padlocked. Slapstick and satire are poor bedfellows, and here the scattered ventures of the latter remind one of the trick canes made of rubber which comedians use for laughs in vaudeville. The book is quaintly illustrated by Herb Roth; particularly one notices the presence of double-decked buses in Paris and the absence of saucers on cafe tables. Both these innovations of the artist have merit and no doubt will be installed in Paris as soon as a copy of Mr. Stewart's book falls into the hands of the prefect of police.

The Chronicle of Clemendy. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This youthful libation to Chaucer and Boccaccio and Rabelais was first published when its author was twenty-three. It is fashioned in mannered prose and steeped in archaic elegance. Mr. Machen does not think so much of it now, but reading in the light of the bitter, lonely, semi-starved days in which it was created, one must rank it as a decided achievement.

Our Doctors. By Maurice Duplay. Harper and Brothers. $2.

This novel, translated from the French by Dr. Joseph Collins, divides its interest with French candor and impartiality between medicine and mating. Its amours carry clinical implications and its scientific researches are conducted with passion. The lay reader will be apt to wish that its action did not hover quite so persistently around operating rooms, but it is undoubtedly a vivid study of doctors with their masks off.

A Brittle Heaven. By Babette Deutsch. Greenberg, Publisher. $2.50.

As a study of the mental development of a girl in a contemporary environment this story has so much discernment that its lack of illumination is quite inexplicable. It is faithfully and sympathetically written; it is filled with characters which one has no difficulty in believing; but the narrative distinctly fails to come to a focus. "A Brittle Heaven" is too thick for a slice of life, and not meaty enough for a soul-searching sandwich.

Sanctuary! Sanctuary! By Dallas Lore Sharp. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The Hingham naturalist wanders afield—to the bird sanctuary on Three Arch Rocks off the coast of Oregon, to Santa Barbara, to the pass where the yellow-billed magpies still nest, and returns to his native Jersey swamps and his beloved Massachusetts hills, preaching conservation as he roams.

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Drama

The Mind of Werfel

NO artist, I take it, writes history for history's sake. If he borrows his fable from record or legend it is only because he sees in the ready-made story some relevance to the thing he is trying to say, and the first duty of interpretative criticism becomes, in such a case, to see the events through the author's eyes. Thus if Franz Werfel has chosen for his latest tragedy the familiar story of the unfortunate Maximilian, its meaning is to be sought not in history but in Werfel.

His characters, historic though they may be, are for him types and symbols. The play "Juarez and Maximilian" (Guild Theater) moves ponderously though not dully through thirteen scenes. Its technique is not remarkable, for it is, indeed, rather old-fashionedly episodic and there is nothing in either the selection of incident or the interpretation of character which is superficially original; yet original it nevertheless is. Maximilian, essentially a romanticist, comes to Mexico as a tool of the lesser Napoleon, whose cynical littleness he is incapable of even suspecting. Inspired by the old faded dream of kindly despotism and vain at least to the extent of vastly misjudging his own weakness, he goes down in utter ruin before the implacable Juarez, conceived here as a type of that iron, unemotional Christ or anti-Christ of whom Lenin is the most conspicuous contemporary embodiment and whose virtues and vices are alike incomprehensible to those softer idealists who found their philosophy upon kindliness and scruples. For Maximilian there remains nothing except a death, heroic according to the old romantic tradition, and the conviction that, quixotic though he may be, "there are times when a decent man cannot be anything else." Juarez remains for him and for the author an inscrutable mystery to be admired and to be feared.

The mind of Werfel, if one may judge from his works, is mastered by a weary pessimism. From his age he inherited a disgust with the futilities of the old order, but knowledge of modern revolution has left him fearful of that too, and if through his plays there runs no thread of definite partisanship, no clear note of assertion, but only a perpetual balancing of principle against principle which ends with a despairing question, it is because this mirrors accurately his own perplexed and hesitant soul. The world as he sees it is not a struggle between good and evil, between two sides one of which may be espoused with clear faith, but between two principles inscrutably complex; even, perhaps, between two evils—evils which triumph, now in the futile injustice of the old order, now in the bloody anarchy of social upheaval. Temperamentally he is the romantic idealist, much less near to Juarez than to Maximilian, but, like the latter, he has been compelled to realize that it is in the Juarezes, relentless and unscrupulous, rather than in him or his like, that there resides the power capable of triumphing over the ugliness of the past—even though it be destined to do no more than supplant it with a new ugliness.

Thus "Juarez and Maximilian" is essentially only "Goat Song" rewritten, with the Monster of the one become the Juarez of the other. In neither does this embodiment of the real subject of the play appear upon the stage. The idealism and the weakness of Maximilian, the intrigues of Church and Empire—these are familiar phenomena to be analyzed and displayed; but the irresistible force, ambiguously compounded of passionate purpose alloyed with the mere lust of revengeful destruction which is embodied in Juarez and the Monster, is as yet too inscrutable to be apprehended as anything more definite than a power moving mysteriously behind the scenes. It pulls all the strings, determines all the action, but no one sees its face clearly enough to read its inner meaning.

It is the only efficient social force; destiny is in its hands—power to destroy, power perhaps to rebuild, but only destruction is sure. And so, as the curtain falls, three who have loved Maximilian turn from a glimpse of Juarez with fear and question in their eyes. What is it they have seen go by? The redeemer of mankind or only the old lust in a new form?

As a play "Juarez and Maximilian" can hardly be destined to any wide popularity. It is too complicated, too involved, and, above all, too little explicit to entertain merely as a colorful spectacle, and it demands of its audience a willingness to ponder its implications greater than most audiences will accord. Easy it certainly is not, but it has a monumental impressiveness and the Theater Guild exhibits a genuine courage in undertaking so difficult a task. It has mounted the piece lavishly and it is acted well, both by Alfred Lunt, upon whom by far the greatest burden falls, and by the large number of those playing minor roles. Many will question the wisdom of the choice, but to me the play was both interesting and moving.

"They All Want Something" (Wallack's Theater) is a not very distinguished farce offered as a vehicle for William Tilden; "The Jeweled Tree" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) is a ponderous and unimaginative spectacle purporting to deal with events in Egypt just after the death of our latest lamented Emperor Tutankhamen. "Black Boy" (Comedy Theater), by Jim Tully and Frank Dazey, presents Paul Robeson in the role of a Negro heavyweight champion. The language is often forceful, and Mr. Robeson both sings and acts superbly, but the play is without value.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Japan Returns to Feudalism

By HARRY EMERSON WILDES

STEADILY Japan reverts to the intellectual seclusion of her feudal days. Sixty years of rapid surging forward give way to retrogression, particularly in fields where Western culture has been hitherto most influential. Free thought, free religion, and freedom of scientific research are now to be eradicated. The students in the colleges are bound hand and foot by bureaucratic bonds.

A year ago, in April, 1925, the so-called Peace Preservation Bill clamped down a rigid censorship upon all those who might wish to change the constitution. The Founding Fathers of our own land are fallible indeed in contrast to the putative author of the Japanese constitution, the Emperor Meiji, who was himself a god. Suggestions to amend the document which Prince Ito penned for him partake therefore of treason and of sacrilege.

Anarchists and Communists were, of course, the enemies ostensibly avowed when the Peace Preservation Bill was passed, but, under its operation, liberals, democrats, and unionists have been cowed into quiet. A Farmer-Labor Party was suppressed within three hours after birth, in December, 1925, because it had debated resolutions of a faintly pinkish tone. That the resolutions were badly beaten by the delegates and that the proponents were excluded from the party was not accepted as a warranty of Farmer-Labor righteousness, and that Home Minister Wakatsuki's interpretation was approved is indicated by his elevation to the Premiership within two months after his decision to suppress the party.

To the rulers of a society based, as is Japan's, upon a scandalously corrupt political system, and upon an unfair economic grouping, where restive tenant-farmers, an underpaid urban proletariat, and an unemployed intelligentsia are suffering depression, too close a scrutiny of the foundations is disquieting. The danger is intensified because of a growing consciousness that the cost of maintaining such a social system is greater than its worth. Japan's gains since the war with Russia have by no means been impressive. In medicine and in some fields of science Japan has remained abreast of the world, but in literature, music, and sculpture her efforts of late years have been barren. In her art, her architecture, and her drama the mingling of Oriental and Occidental traditions has stifled her old excellence without an equivalent assistance to old forms. By her diplomacy Japan has been plunged into an orgy of militarism without a real necessity. Her incursions into Asia, like Plantagenet England's into France, have enormously increased the military budget without yielding any great advantages which might not have been more cheaply won in peaceful ways. Although herself poor and lacking in such essential raw materials as iron, oil, cotton, wool, and rubber—even lacking food itself—she has followed the mercantile ideas of wealthy nations rich in natural resources. The almost inevitable result has been a falling off of her prosperity and the rise of unemployment.

Small wonder therefore that Japan's native inferiority complex has been nourished, and that among the masses "dangerous thoughts" are rife. Perhaps their influence is neither as widespread nor as potent as might be indicated by the fears expressed in the talk of bankers, politicians, and newspapermen, but that beneath the lid the pot boils briskly cannot be denied. But leaders are missing for a democratic movement. Japanese liberals are aging men, and few are rising to replace them. Yukio Ozaki, the radical of forty years ago, is still the only leading figure now. In fact the older men are deserting the cause. Ozaki's lifetime friend, his "Twin God of the Constitution," has succumbed, to quote the Osaka *Mainichi*, to the "lure of gold." Another leader has been in prison charged with receiving bribes from white-slave interests. Hirelings and gunmen terrorize the minor liberals and are officially ignored. Press laws and "peace-preservation bills" stifle free expression.

At the close of the Great War hopes were being entertained that the colleges in Japan might take the lead in democratic thought. Within the past three years the New Man Societies led by Professor Yoshino of Tokio Imperial and Dr. Isoo Abe of Waseda were flourishing. Today these groups are dead. The Student Federation of the Social Sciences is now dispersed after a long martyrdom by police raids and imprisonment. Nor may new groups spring up to fill the places of these pioneers. Such subjects as might provide munitions to challenge the reaction continued to enjoy much popularity with students. The bulletin boards of all the universities were filled with notices of new societies to study sociology and economics. Many of these, no doubt, were coverts to conceal socialists and other "dangerous thinkers," but all of them were viewed with grave suspicion. In consequence the study of sociology is now denied, not only to the students, but also to the private reader. An official order from Minister of Education Okada, issued in April, 1926, addressed to all colleges and schools, reads:

> 1. Any society or association in which dangerous thoughts are either to be read or studied is absolutely prohibited irrespective of whatever form or name it takes.
>
> 2. Private studies are also prohibited if the studies concern dangerous thoughts.
>
> 3. Students are barred from reading books and periodicals specially named by the authorities.
>
> 4. No matter whether they be scientific or not speeches delivered by students outside the classrooms are prohibited even if the subject matter is suggested by school authorities and professors.
>
> 5. A joint program of speeches in which students of several different schools take part is prohibited.

The time of issuing this gag order was well-judged. Dr. Okada had weathered storms resulting from his introduction of military training, and from his prohibition of dramatic performances where the school uniform was not to be worn. He had no desire to cause a repetition of the "Hamlet-in-brass-buttons" controversy. He chose a time therefore in which the fewest possible students would be moved to protest. Commencements in Japan usually occur in the latter part of March. A holiday of two or three weeks then ensues until the opening of the new semester. During this interval, while many of the students have returned to their homes, the Diet adjourns its sessions. Okada, of course, had no desire to face interpellations in the House. His first order, applying only to the technical schools, appeared soon after the Diet's adjournment. Extensions then were announced to cover all educational institutions under government control. Private universities and schools were not forbidden to teach the social sciences,

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but were notified that failure to comply with the rules of the official schools would involve the loss of all their privileges. Protests flamed from both principals and student bodies. The former were soon silenced, according to the *Hochi*, by Okada's threat to dismiss any principal who persisted in objection. Students of Tokio Imperial, Waseda, and thirty colleges of the Kobe-Osaka-Kyoto region who held mass meetings to condemn the plan were met by threats to enforce the Peace Preservation Bill. Prime Minister Wakatsuki, Minister of Justice Egi, Procurator General Koyama, and Dr. Okada took pains to impress upon the annual Gubernatorial Conference, early in May, that more strictness should be exercised over student life and thought. The agitations thereupon ceased with remarkable celerity.

Espionage and delation systems reaching into every corner of the colleges probably played a most important role toward the collapse of student protests. Vice-Minister of Education Kawasaki disclosed that, as late as June, 1926, the Home Office and the educational authorities were cooperating in the maintenance of a black-list containing the names of more than 1,500 students suspected of left-wing tendencies. Over all these students, Kawasaki boasted, the closest surveillance was being kept. The *Yomiuri* and the *Hochi*, two of the smaller papers, could not indorse these czarist methods and protested that Okada and Kawasaki ought to be obliged to resign at once, but the *Yamato* was effusive in praise of the vigilance displayed by the officials.

Chugai Shogyo, Tokio's equivalent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, urged the Ministry to investigate professors. "We think students are involuntarily captivated by radicalism because of the influence of their lecturers. Not a few professors advocate radical principles. Let the fountainhead be purified and the stream will become pure." The idea proved immediately popular. Other papers hastened to elaborate the thesis, and *Kokumin*—whose editor receives high honor from the Emperor—embarked upon a series of editorials designed to show that foreign teachers in Japan are particularly inefficient and untrustworthy. An outcome of this agitation is the proposal, which will be considered by the Diet in December, of establishing a thought-control bureau in the Department of Justice, an idea which ought to win instant approbation from certain of our own officials.

Foreign missionaries were also specified as sources of contamination. Christianity, which after sixty years of effort has converted less than one-half of one per cent of the empire's population, is now the special target for abuse. Its tenets are believed "subversive of public peace and order and of public morals" and the duties which Christianity entails upon its members are held "contrary to the obligations of Japanese subjects." Men like Motosada Zumoto, spokesman for Japan at the 1925 Williamstown Conference, Count Aisuke Kabayama, president of the Japan Steel Company and former head of the semi-official news agency, "Kanzo" Uchimura a leading publicist, and Toyohiko Kagawa, the foremost Christian social worker have all, within recent months, given testimony to show that Christianity falls under such criticisms. Okada's department, working under this instigation, is drafting a bill for submission to the next Diet whereby Christianity and all other religions as may be similar in tendency can be suppressed if, in the opinion of the authorities, they endanger peace, order, and good morals. Shinto, the official worship, is explicity excluded from the operations of the proposed legislation, according to the explanations given by the framers

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of the measure. Representatives of virtually all religions, Christians, Buddhists, and the rest, unite in opposition to the legislation, and though several months have been devoted to the study of means whereby a religion-control bill may be safely drawn, the clauses are not yet perfected.

Discussion of the measure has, however, served to concentrate attention on the evils brought by foreigners. Within the present year the press has blossomed with innuendoes against the licentiousness and vice alleged to exist in the foreign communities. A tale of naked orgies at which foreigners are present for "assuring themselves entrance into heaven" was recorded in the Osaka *Mainichi*, one of the most influential papers of the empire, although the story was printed in one edition only. Diplomatic attachés have been accused of gambling and of protecting evil-doers. Six girls of the so-called "modern set" were rounded up and made to tell their story of the "fast set of undesirable foreigners" which had corrupted them. One of the more sensational newspapers retold a charge made ten years ago that in America there are no virgins. Western influence is blamed for the "cafe civilization" and for the moral laxity now said to be engulfing all the Japanese.

An anti-foreign bitterness is rising. Count Soyejima, who came to the University of Chicago to tell the "truth about Japan," returns to Tokio to tell of America's aggression and of her decadence. Mr. Zumoto, who like Count Soyejima is a semi-official publicist, reported that concerted efforts at anti-Japanism are backed by the United States Navy and by Secretary Wilbur himself. When the Japan *Advertiser*, the American newspaper, softened Mr. Zumoto's speech by dropping out the more anti-American portions and by capping the story with a headline, Attitude in U. S. Toward Japan Is Most Friendly, Mr. Zumoto felt sure enough of his position to make strenuous protest at the omission.

Simultaneously the Pan-Asiatic movement grows. Almost unheard of in 1916, today the leading journals of Japan all favor it. A Pan-Asiatic Society held a congress at Nagasaki in the summer to set a united front against the West. The ignorant masses are being taught that the West is inhabited by heartless monsters who seek to crush the East. The press, which might have served as leader and interpreter of international understanding, has fallen victim to insularity, distorted vision, and prejudice. Its present tactics tend to jeopardize the friendship of the nations.

Contributors to This Issue

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